

THE
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FOR

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BOTANIST.

No. 12.

I HAVE always thought it possible to be a very great botanist, says the celebrated Rosseau, without knowing so much as one plant by name.* Yet he exhorts his pupil to pass from his closet to the gardens and fields, to study the sacred scriptures of nature, instead of books written by men. This famous Genevan had doubtless seen persons, who bestowed all their attention on the nomenclature and classification of vegetables, and thought themselves botanists. The celebrated *J. Hunter*† knew not the names of every individual in the armies of Britain, nor the discriminating marks of each company in each and every regiment; he nevertheless knew most accurately the anatomy and physiology of every individual.

One universal language should be adopted by botanists, and it is important that it should be well understood; but it is absurd to make this the primary object. If the study of plants do not lead to a knowledge of their uses in rural economy, and their medicinal virtues, the attention to the aspect

and names of plants is of very little importance to the publick. Before the Spanish Goths overran Mexico, *Montezuma* transplanted from the woods and fields into his royal garden; and it was the business of his physicians to study out and announce the medicinal virtues of his vast collection. Would it not be well, if the philosophers of the north should imitate the wise example of these more than half-civilized philosophers of the south?

The first step towards perfecting the science of Botany in New England is to transplant the vegetables from our woods, bogs, fields, and, if possible, marshes into one Garden; and then attempt the naturalization of tropical and other exoticks. We must not expect to have a garden, in which every plant of every country will prosper, or even grow. To effect this, a garden should be planted on a mountain, directly under the equator, and gradually sloping to the height of more than two miles above the level of the ocean. There every plant of every climate would grow.

While *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Upsal*, *Oxford*, *Leyden*, *Montpellier*, and *Padua* had flourishing botanical

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* See *J. J. Rosseau's "Letters on the Elements of Botany,"* translated by Martyn.

† Surgeon-General of the British army.

gardens, *London*, so celebrated in the annals of science, had within it no publick one to boast of, until about 1780 ; and even then it was began and conducted by a private individual, without any property to carry it on, excepting what arose from his daily practice in physick and surgery, and even this practice was finally sacrificed to his ruling passion, botany. The person of whom we speak is WILLIAM CURTIS, author of the *Flora Londinensis*, and *Botanick Magazine*. As the writer of these essays was, during several years, a witness of the unwearied exertions of his friend and teacher, he conceives it may be serviceable and agreeable at this period to give some account of the founder of the botanical garden near London, together with a description of it.

Soon after Mr. Curtis* became enamoured with botany, a large share of lucrative practice devolved upon him by the death of an old preceptor and partner. He then began to publish a description of all the plants in and about London, in large folio, elegantly designed, and coloured after nature. Not merely the expense of this great work, but the attention it demanded, alarmed the friends of Curtis. Even the sagacious and benevolent Fothergill, "the friend of mankind and of merit," checked the flowings of his accustomed bounty, lest he should be accessory to the ruin of his young friend, already too much disposed to quit the practice of physick to follow enchanting

FLORA. Fothergill had a great regard for Curtis, and, being of the same religious persuasion, would have left nothing undone for advancing, what he conceived, his true interest, which he believed to be, that of following with undivided attention the practice of physick. Often, on receiving the splendid numbers of the *Flora Londinensis*, has the BOTANIST heard the venerable Fothergill exclaim, "these plates I view with more pain than pleasure. They will ruin the author, by diverting him from his lucrative practice, and plunging him into expense, beyond what any but a man of independent fortune can sustain. The load is too heavy for this young man, and it will break his back." But Fothergill, though possessed of the "*perspicax oculus*" in a preeminent degree, did not then see, that the mild and silent Curtis was indued with the persevering spirit of Linnæus. He little thought, that this meek and quiet man would finally effect all that he meditated ; and that to the *Flora Londinensis* he would add the *Monthly Botanick Magazine*, and to both a botanical garden ! Deep enthusiasm is seldom accompanied with great ardour of expression. Under a mild and playful disposition William Curtis was animated with a persevering spirit, that, in a different walk of life, might have wearied out the patience of a Xenophon, and discouraged Hannibal himself. It has been said, that Curtis composed his Botanical Magazine, as Dr. Johnson did his *Ramblers* ; the one to support him under the arduous work of his *Dictionary*, and the other of his *Flora*.

* Mr. Curtis was a practitioner of physick and surgery, but never had a medical degree ; of course not the title of Doctor ;—a distinction rigidly adhered to in London.

The King, Queen, and most of the Nobility were subscribers to the *Flora Londinensis*; it is however remarkable, that when Curtis began his *Botanick Garden*, altho' he was presented with many scarce and valuable plants from the royal gardens at Kew, as well as from those of the Earl of Bute at Sutton, the Dutchess of Portland at Bulstrade, from Dr. Fothergill's at Upton, and from Dr. Pitcairn's at Islington, yet he never received any pecuniary assistance towards carrying on his botanick garden. In 1783 the number of subscribers to this institution did not amount to more than forty. When Curtis died (in July, 1799) a general regret, it is said, was felt from the throne to the bookseller's shop, that the author of the *Flora Londinensis* and the founder of the *London Botanick Garden* had never experienced royal patronage, nor national bounty.

His first essay towards a botanick garden was at Lambeth Marsh, near the Magdalen Hospital, St. George's Fields; but he found the situation of the spot he had chosen inconvenient; for although from its position it appeared peculiarly favourable for the growth of aquatick and bog plants, yet this was accompanied by many disadvantages, for which this fortunate peculiarity did not present an adequate compensation. He therefore determined to move; and here follow the reasons as detailed by himself:

"I had long observed, with the most pointed regret, that I had an enemy to contend with in Lambeth Marsh, which neither time nor ingenuity, nor industry

could vanquish; and that was the smoke of London; which, except when the wind blew from the south, constantly enveloped my plants, and shedding its baneful influence over them, destroyed many; and, in a greater or less degree, proved injurious to most of them, especially the Alpine ones. In addition to this grand obstacle, I had to contend with many smaller ones, which became formidable when combined, such as the obscurity of the situation, the badness of the roads leading to it, with the effluvia of surrounding ditches, at times highly offensive.

"Nevertheless, when I reflected on the sums I had expended, when I surveyed the trees, the shrubs, and the hedges which I had planted, now become ornamental in themselves, and affording shelter to my plants, such of those inconveniences, as I could not have remedied I should have borne with patience, and continued my garden under all its inconveniences, had not my landlord exacted terms for the renewal of my lease, too extravagant to be complied with,

"Disappointed, but not disheartened, I resolved to attempt its re-establishment elsewhere: I looked over the list of those who had patronised my former attempts, and finding that the majority of my subscribers resided to the westward of the city, I fixed on a spot at Brompton, with the advantage at least of some experience in the cultivation of plants; and here I have witnessed a pleasure I had long wished for—that of seeing plants grow in perfect health and vigour.

"That I have good grounds also to expect that my labours will be crowned with success, the list of those persons, who have honoured my garden with their subscriptions the first year of its formation, affords me the most pleasing proof. Indeed, while vegetables shall constitute a part of our food, and there is a necessity to distinguish wholesome from poisonous ones—while medicines for the cure of our diseases shall be drawn from the vegetable kingdom—while agriculture, the grand source of the wealth and strength of all nations, shall be capable of being improved by a closer attention to our native plants—while botany shall be studied as an instructive science, or as an object of rational amusement; or, while the beauties of nature shall have power to charm, so long a garden, on the plan of the one I am endeavouring to establish, will, I humbly presume, meet with the support of the publick."

Nor was Mr. Curtis mistaken. His plants acquired fresh health and vigour from a more congenial position; the number of his subscribers increased every year, while his own reputation, which had been augmented by his lectures and his publications, extended not only to the remotest parts of his native island, but throughout many parts of Europe. In this enviable situation, with a fair prospect of wealth and fame opening before him, this excellent botanist was suddenly snatched from his family, his friends, and the publick, on the 11th of July, 1799.

On this melancholy occasion, the establishment devolved solely

on Mr. William Salisbury, first his assistant, and afterwards his partner. Possessing youth, ardour, and activity, he has added to the bounds of the botanical garden, increased the library, multiplied the specimens of plants, built a house for his own residence on the spot, and seems anxious to adapt the establishment for the use and accommodation both of publick societies and private individuals.

The botanick garden is situate at Queen's Elm, in the road to Fulham, exactly one mile and a half from Hyde Park Corner, and about three quarters of a mile from Brompton. The site must be allowed to have been well chosen, for the grounds lie open to the south and west, except where the plantations are intended to exclude the sun, while the north east wind, by being impregnated with the *ignited* air of the capital, loses much of its sharpness, and becomes far less pernicious, than it would otherwise be to such plants as require a bland and genial climate. The extent is about three acres and a half, including the ground occupied by the hot-house, green-houses, and library; and seven acres more, immediately adjoining, and now in the occupation of the proprietor, can at any time be included.

The arrangement is strictly Linnæan; and every tree, shrub, and plant, is labelled so as to afford the advantage of an easy reference to the correspondent numbers in the catalogue.

On approaching, from the Fulham road, the stranger perceives a door, situate nearly in the middle of the plantation; and, on

ringing a bell, will be immediately admitted. A broad walk, extending across the garden, presents a parterre, on each side, in which all the different varieties and beautiful hues of Flora are exhibited, in regular gradation, according to the season :

"Along these blushing borders, bright with
hue,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace."

No. 1. contains all those plants that are considered useful in agriculture. Persons skilled in this art, have an opportunity of seeing, distinctly arranged, with their proper names of species, every tree, grass, and shrub, that is cultivated as food for man, the horse, cow, and all other subordinate animals.—This is a most important branch of natural economy.

No. 2. is the medicinal quarter, in which the student will find the plants of the London and Edinburgh Dispensatories; and whether he himself is destined to prescribe, or to make up the prescriptions of others, will here have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the characters of those herbs, which form a part of the *Materia Medica*.*

Among the curious ones will be found the *Assafetida*; while the poisonous tribe,† only thirteen of which will thrive in the open air in Britain, are arranged so as to be hereafter detected by simple inspection alone.‡

3. The Foreign Grass quarter contains the *Lygeum*, *Spartum*,

* Who ought, as Dr. Gregory has so emphatically advised, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with these plants.

† The *Aconitum Napellus*, *Actæa spicata*, *Sicuta Virosa*, &c.

‡ A class of plants, with which all ranks of society ought to be acquainted; for "On the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

the *Melica Ciliata*, the *Triticum æstivum*, the *Juncus niveus*, &c.

4. The British Grass quarter. Here the agriculturist will, at one view, behold and distinguish those *gramina*, which constitute the real wealth and fertility of a country. These include every species serving food for the horse, the cow, the ass, the sheep, and the goat.

In this interesting collection is to be found the Meadow Fox-tail (the *Alopecurus Pratensis* of Linnæus), which is the most fattening of this tribe, and also the *Anthoxanthum Odoratum*, or the sweet-scented vernal meadow grass, that confers a fine aromack flavour on our hay, together with a complete collection of all the British species of *gramina* may be seen in great perfection, in this quarter.

No. 5. contains the British plants of large growth.

No. 6. The British wood.

No. 7. Is dedicated to British rock plants, and aquatics.

No. 8. The Hot house and Green house. Here I found the *Dionæa Muscipula*, a fine specimen of which was lately presented to the President of the Linnæan Society, for the purpose of elucidating his lectures at the Royal Institute. I also saw the *Strelitzia Regina*, so called out of compliment to the Queen; the *Portlandia*, the *Plumieria*, the *Vanilla*, the *Catesbea Spinosa*, the *Ipomæa bona nox*, the *Amaryllis reticulata*, together with the *Crinum erubescens*, all in fine bloom.

In the Green-house is to be met with the double *Camella Japonica*, the *Phormium tenax*, with a very excellent collection of plants from the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland.

No. 9, the Library. This is an oblong building, with a lattice work towards the south, through which it is intended that the ornithologist should be recreated with the view of British birds, and enabled to study their habits and manners while alive.

The collection consists of useful works, either on, or immediately connected with, the science of botany, such as Curtis's *Flora Londinensis*, and all the other productions of this celebrated naturalist; the *Flora Austriaca*, *Danica*, *Britannica*, &c.; Linnaeus's *Genera & Species Plantarum*, *Systema Naturae Opera Clusii*; *Mathioli in Dioscoridem*; the *Hortus Eystettensis*; together with the English Herbals of Gerrard, Parkinson, Johnson, &c. in all about 500 volumes, including the most celebrated agricultural works of Young, Marshall, Dickson, &c.

No. 10, a Green-house, entirely dedicated to Heaths, chiefly from the coast of Africa, of which there are 150 different species.

No. 11. is appropriated to bulbs and flower-roots.

No. 12. Foreign annual plants.

No. 13. This quarter contains upwards of 1000 different species of foreign hardy herbaceous plants.

No. 14. Foreign Alpine plants.

No. 15. American plants, and foreign wood quarter.

No. 16. Is a double border of foreign trees and shrubs, extending all round the boundaries of the garden on each side of the walk.

The above is intended as a popular, rather than a scientific, description of a spot, where either the student or the adept may sa-

tisfy his curiosity, by means of an arrangement executed in strict conformity to the system of the great Swedish naturalist. Those also, who delight in the contemplation of nature, are recreated at a very trifling expence; and flowers, plants, and trees, at every season of the year, present an almost endless variety of interesting objects.

Mr. Salisbury is often honoured with the presence, not only of some of the first botanists of England and other countries, but also with many of the British nobility; and he has often beheld, with grateful satisfaction, different branches of the royal family, who have honoured it with their patronage, walking along the paths, appearing delighted with the arrangement.

Such is, at present, the Botanick Garden at Queen's Elms; in the further improving of which no pains or labour are spared to render it still more useful to the publick. It remains for a nation, not only fond of science, but ever considered as its munificent patron and generous protector, to enable the proprietor to complete his plans, extend his views in favour of genius; and finally, to form an establishment equally worthy of science, and of the noted liberality of Great Britain.*

§ Europ. Mag.

* The Botanist has just received an account of a recently established botanical garden, in one of the richest and most flourishing towns in Great Britain, founded almost wholly by merchants; which garden bids fair to become a grand emporium of exoticks. With the history and description came a copy of an elegant oration, delivered by the celebrated William Roscoe, author of "the Life of Lorenzo de Medici." Extracts from this oration may be expected to enliven some future number.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

No. 3.

We regret, that we cannot continue, at present, the easy and elegant letters of Smelfungus. History and learned criticism on all the schools of painting, which are now assembled in the long gallery of the Louvre, and which we had intended to present to the publick in this No. of the Anthology, is not now to be found in our portfolio. We fear, that it is irretrievably lost; but should it be discovered, it shall certainly adorn our publication for November; and we can assure our readers, that we have yet in reserve one or two more letters from that favourite of Painting and Poetry. We hope now to indemnify by the insertion of a short but authentic sketch of the present state of the University of Cambridge, the mother of Newton and Gray, illustrious in the Parliament of England by her representative, Pitt, and equally renowned through Professor Porson in the republick of letters. The view is drawn by a young gentleman, whom we and others personally know, whose manners are agreeable, whose disposition is most friendly, and whose talents deserve no common honours. May he receive every reward, which the University can give; let him be Senior Wrangler, or chief among the Optimes.

Leeds, July 22d, 1805.

DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST now endeavour to comply with your request and answer some of your inquiries. Of the university of Cambridge I can first affirm certainly, that *pre-eminent* merit, in any line of study, is sure of academical reward. Mathematicks are the study of the place, and are the most general road to honours. Fellowships are by most of the foundations appropriated to particular counties, i. e. there can seldom be more than one or two men of the same county at the same time fellows of the same college—which is an excellent means of preventing cabal and favoritism. Our discipline is in most cases strict and well conferred. No degree can be taken without some pains, and no honour or rank in degree without serious application; the first men, or “*wranglers*,” are always deep reading

men.—Of Oxford I know but little, but believe that, as you were informed, discipline is very much revived. The strictures of Gibbon and Knox will no longer apply, but I doubt not have produced an excellent effect in making the universities more attentive and strict.—Porson’s conversation is most entertaining and various. He quotes with equal ease from Lycophron or a street ballad—no one else can talk, but few desire whilst he is present; he must have full scope, and is not always nice in his language or ideas. With his abilities and application he might have been one of the greatest men living—he is only one of the most learned. Being an under-graduate, I have yet had no opportunity of being in his company.—Of our Literature there is nothing of importance going on at Cambridge. There is very generally in England a combined effort of

the Calvinists to diffuse their doctrines, and enforce their prevalence by securing to their party small livings, and educating young men of this persuasion for the Church. Much controversy has arisen and consequently much declamation. Herbert Marsh, whom you already admire as a politician, has opposed them most forcibly, in four sermons, preached before the university of Cambridge. He is acknowledged to be one of the most learned biblical scholars in the kingdom, and his sermons, which will shortly be published, are a body of true logical argument, and deep, learned quotations to prove the absurdity and danger of these doctrines. We think these great matters; you are free from all

church government and may disregard them.—The Stereotype printing goes on with great success. The new copy of the Bible will soon be out, and there is great talk of a complete edition of the Classics. It will be a happy thing if books could, by any means, be made cheaper. The evil increases past all endurance.—I have seen Roscoe's long expected Life of Leo 10th. 4 vols. Quarto. six guineas. I have not had opportunity to read them, but I see nearly one half of each volume is filled up with old Italian letters and Latin verses, for which nobody cares a farthing. It is said he got 5000*l.* for the copy-right, and the publication, in its present form, is a shameful booksellers' job. CANTAB.

SILVA.

No. 8.

Jocamur, querimur, irascimur, describimus aliquid, modo pressius, modo elatius, atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.—PLINY.

MAN WITHOUT THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SUPPOSE man to be deprived of the divine truths of revelation and abandoned to his reflections; he is surrounded by "darkness visible." He does not know what constitutes his dignity and preeminence, from whence he came, nor whither he shall go. He is unacquainted with the causes of the evils, which afflict him, and the principle of those astonishing contrarieties, which he experiences in himself....of that internal war of feelings against reason....of those emotions, which elevate him to heaven, and of those impulses and attractions, which bring him back to earth. The objects, which sur-

round him, seduce him....self love blinds him....pleasure corrupts him....strength renders him presumptuous.....prosperity intoxicates....adversity discourages him. Does he rely on his own reflections and turn them within himself, he finds nothing but sources of weakness and trouble. In vain does he attempt to procure a situation fixed and tranquil. His projects, his desires, his opinions, like the billows of the perturbed ocean, constantly agitate and toss him. Does he attempt to seek from his fellow travellers a repose, which he has not found in his own bosom....does he give to his imagination wings and fly to the uttermost corners of the earth, like

Noah's dove, that was sent from the ark, he will be compelled to return without the peaceful olive.

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OPINION AND EXAMPLE.

MAN is attracted by example, and he is controled by his opinion. He sees, and he imitates; he hears, and is persuaded. Do as other people do, cries aloud the voice of example. Think with the majority of the world, is the tyrannick exaction of opinion. Thus the power of opinion is in theory, that which example is in practice. In the former there is some rationality, the latter is more allied to instinct and is more mechanical. Example, in fine, makes men monkeys, and opinion forms them images of monkeys.

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LOVE.

SHAKESPEARE, in the comedy of *As you like it*, puts into the mouth of his shepherd Sylvius the following delightful description of Love, of the sweetness and delicacy of which I should hold it little less than prophanity to attempt to express my admiration.

"It is to be made all of sighs and tears,
It is to be made all of faith and service,
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance."—

True love is indeed a passion tender and sublime, let the cold-blooded cynicks say what they please to the contrary. It is something very opposite to that which assumes the name in fashionable society, where you frequently hear those disgraceful, unnatural, venal connexions....formed not from any congeniality of mind, not from any ardent, sincere, vir-

tuous affection, but originating in ambition, pride, or vanity, sometimes even in a dereliction of all modesty and all moral principle.... honoured with the appellation of Love; but this is not the way Shakespeare instructs us to love. *True love* can only be excited and exist in a virtuous mind. It is always timid, modest, and respectful. It has its hopes and its fears; but it conceals them. "It looks not with the eyes, but with the mind." It is even favourable to ideas, consoling and sublime, such as the existence of a supreme being, the spirituality of the soul...its immortality. A lover with his affections fixed, his heart pure, his feelings ardent, will believe her to be possessed of every charm and every grace, which can ennoble in his "*mind's eye*" the object of his love. In the heroick ages he would have regarded his mistress as the daughter of Jupiter....as uniting the perfections of Venus and Minerva. At this period he will wish to see her the most perfect work of her Creator....the image the most resembling, if I dared thus to express myself, the almighty Being, who unites all perfections. His love will be grounded on the graces of her mind, and in his firm belief that it is destined for immortality. If he could persuade himself for a moment, that she, who is now the delight of his eyes and the sweetener of his life, was but a fortuitous concourse of atoms, or produced from necessity with as much indifference as the organization of a fly....that she must die and be forgotten....that she must lie in cold oblivion and moulder

away....from that moment, I say, he could feel nothing like love, and the ardour of his affections would be extinguished in the frightful idea of annihilation. An English author had some reason for the declaration, that, in a country of atheists, love would prove the existence of a God.

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THE ABBE PRIVAT DES MO-
LIERES.

ARCHIMEDES, profoundly occupied in solving a geometrical problem, had no suspicion of the assault of the city of Syracuse, until a soldier approached him to demolish his house. This fact is well known. I wish to call the attention of my readers to one more recent, more authentick, and not less curious. About the middle of the last century the Abbe Privat des Molieres, a great partizan for the system of Descartes, was one day sitting alone in a retired part of his house, so intensely occupied in mathematical calculations that he was not disturbed by a robber, who had forcibly broken into his house. When the robber entered his room, and, pointing a pistol at his breast, demanded of him his money, the learned Abbe, without being in the least disturbed, pointed the robber to the drawer, which he supposed contained the money; but the *honest gentleman* that was robbing the house not finding any, and opening other drawers and discomposing the papers, "For God's sake," exclaimed the Abbe, "don't touch those papers, the derangement of which will cause me much trouble, without being the least useful to you. Seek in the drawer which is just

over it, and you will find the money." The robber, better instructed, seized the money and ran away, leaving the philosopher to finish his calculations.

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GLOVER.

WE have another singular instance of mental abstraction in the life of Glover, the author of Leonidas, who was on a visit at Stowe when he wrote his celebrated ballad of Admiral Hosier's Ghost, perhaps the most spirited of all his productions. The idea occurred to him during the night; he rose early and went into the garden to compose. In the heat of composition he got into the tulip bed; unfortunately he had a stick in his hand, and with a true poetical frenzy thrashed down the tulips. Lady Temple was particularly fond of tulips, and some of the company, who had seen Glover beating them down, suspecting how his mind was occupied, asked him at breakfast how he could so heedlessly destroy Lady Temple's favourite flowers? The poet, perfectly unconscious of what he had been doing, pleaded not guilty. There were however witnesses enough to convict him. He acknowledged that he had been composing in the garden, and excused himself by repeating the ballad.

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CIVICK CROWN.

THE highest reward among the Romans was the *civick crown*, given to him, who had saved the life of a citizen. This political institution may suggest some reflections. It has been said, that the ancients believed that the first

men fed on the acorn. Was this the reason, which suggested to the Romans the idea of forming the civick crowns, the highest reward which could be conferred on a citizen, simply of the leaves of the oak? Did the legislator by these means wish to instruct his people, that a citizen who had preserved the life of another had most assimilated himself to nature? A golden crown was presented to him, who first mounted the rampart or entered the camp of the enemy, to him who first scaled a city in an assault or boarded the ship of an enemy, but to him who, by his exertions, had saved the life of a citizen was presented the *civick crown*, formed simply of the branches of the oak. The naval, mural, and triumphal crowns recompensed military merit, but the *civick crown* proved, that he who had deserved it was above all recompense. There was something sublime in the ceremony of presenting the civick crown. By the appointment of the general it was presented by the person whose life had been saved, who placed it on the head of his benefactor, whom he afterwards loved and respected as a parent.

THE PASTORAL POET.

PASTORAL poesy is the description of nature, in all her simplicity. In indicating its object we prove the antiquity of its origin. The first writers were poets....the first poets were shepherds....the first poems were idyls....and the first instrument of musick was the pipe. In those happy times, which have been denominated the age of gold, man's inclina-

tions were mild, his desires moderate, his soul

"Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface;"

pure as the dew-drop, which the sun kisses from the opening rosebud. His numerous flock constituted his highest pride, the birth of a lamb his greatest joy, the death of an ewe his keenest sorrow. If the first of all poems were a pastoral, we may imagine that the subject was love....its illusions, its pleasures, and its phantasies. In chanting the praises of his mistress the pastoral poet attempted to describe her attractions, and, as he abounded more in sentiment than in reflection, as he was more fruitful in images than in reasoning, he had recourse to comparisons to make himself comprehended, and he drew them from the objects the most agreeable to his eyes,...the dearest to his heart. The whiteness of the fleece....the freshness and fragrance of the blooming rose....the agility of the hind, which bounded over the rocks....the innocence and vivacity of the lamb, which skipped and played in the field,...sometimes even the brilliancy of the morning, and the burning heat of the meridian sun, constituted so many objects of comparison to give some idea of the object which he adored.

SOLOMON'S SONGS.

THE ancients were fond of conveying their precepts in the pastoral language, thinking it to be the language of nature. Under this allegory Solomon gives us the purest instruction in the songs to his beloved, delighting us "by his lofty theme and by a strain of poetry, as sublime in it-

self as it is simple in its similitudes." There are indeed tender expressions in nature and art, that native sentiment exclusively enjoys. Some will contemplate a fly, as he is pruning his winglets and polishing his forehead in the sunside of the parlour window-seat, and an artist once told me, with an eye all suffusion, that the sleeping Cupid of Paul Veronese was a dreaming in its toes. Is this picking mites, as it were with the bill of a wren; or admiring the miracles of nature and her resemblances? The following beautiful version of a portion of the eighth chapter of Solomon's Songs, given to me by a friend, who I wish could be persuaded frequently to grace the pages of the Anthology with the delicate effusions of his own mind, unites

such harmony of verse with so much delicacy of sentiment, that I should accuse myself of selfishness in the extreme, if I withheld it from my readers, confident as I am, it will afford them high gratification.

Oh that thou wert like him who drew
Life from the same maternal breast,
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest.

Home I'd persuade thee to return
With me domestick bliss to prove,
Where from my mother I would learn
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine
My own pomgranate vintage taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear
To wake my love until he please.

PROEM TO THOUGHTS ON TACITUS.

Magnam, inquit Secundus, et dignam tractatu questionem movisti: sed quis eam justius explicaverit, quàm tu? Et Messala, aperiam, inquit, cogitationes meas.

Tacit. dial. de orat. cap: 16,

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN one of the pleasant evening parties of the last summer, when we were musing or talking upon the welfare of the Anthology, I remember that a sincere wish was expressed that a certain illustrious political writer would furnish our publication with Discourses on Tacitus. The idea was to me remarkably pleasant, as it brought to my recollection "years that are past," when I had the presumption to write an introductory essay on the same subject, and had prepared mottoes and matter for succeeding dissertations. But we all thought, that the states-

man was either too indolent for laborious political research, or too much occupied by the pressing duties or pleasant recreations of his farm to compose even short and easy disquisitions. We acknowledged his peculiar powers of fancy and investigation. Even the simple thought was delightful, that our collection might possibly be decorated with a monthly *avθoς* from a man, who in the easy intercourse of social life can charm and enrapture all hearts with analysis, history, tropes, and reflection on the French revolution; or who, in the Congress of the representatives of his nation,

amid senators and counsellors, under the united pressure of sickness of body and anxiety for his country's honour, could in the debate on the British treaty pour forth such an ethereal efflux of rhetorical power, that some imagined themselves in St. Stephen's chapel, listening to the exaggerating fancy of Burke; and classical readers, like Priestley, were reminded of the practical wisdom of Demosthenes and the towering amplifications of Tully.

I wish it were possible to persuade that gentleman to write. Our Anthology would then glow with every variety of "colorifick radiance." Instead of the meagre essays of Gordon, politicians might be charmed with a new Machiavel; with dissertations on the Annals of Tacitus, not inferior to the discourses on the decade of Livy, by the secretary of the Florentine commonwealth. You may however recollect, that we soon abandoned with regret our conversation on the delightful illusion. Yet, though we talked with apparent spirit on other enterprises of greater facility, I believe that the former project had completely fascinated our minds, for the fruit, the claret, and the evening were gone, before we had brought the simplest scheme to maturity.

Since then I have often reflected on the occurrences of that night; and if you please I am now disposed, with feeble means and feeble hopes, to attempt the execution of another plan, not totally different from that of our former discussion. "*Pigliate adunque questo in quel modo che si pigliano tutte le cose degli amici, dove si*

considera piu sempre l'intenzione di chi manda, che la qualità della cosa che è mandata." The idea, suggested by one of our literary circle, I cannot adopt. He wished for political discourses. I can furnish *Thoughts on Tacitus* only, for regular dissertations would demand the speculative knowledge and practical experience of a statesman; and would require more time, than I can allot from necessary duties, and a larger library for reference or quotation, than I at present possess. But for short political essays I shall be able to find leisure; I know not that I can find the talents. I can say, in the words of Machiavelli to Buondelmonti and Rucellai, "*in quello io ho espresso quanto io so,*" "I have here told all that I know;" but I am not grey-headed, and therefore I cannot say with him, "*e quanto io ho imparato per una lunga pratica e continua lezione delle cose del mondo;*" "and all, that I have learnt by long practice and continued perusal of the affairs of the world." But the politicks shall never be local. Party allusions and party wranglings I utterly disclaim; and I hope that you will exercise the duty of a literary licenser, and burn every paper, which I may offer, where such names and topicks are introduced, as existing factions, follies, and cabals.

But, gentlemen, politicks and government are far from being the sole objects, to which I shall direct the "Thoughts." Tacitus every where mixes moral remarks with his professed subject, which may furnish themes for moral discussion. His *Dialogus de Oratoribus* is full of literature,

which may supply an inexhaustible fund for correspondent reflection. The antiquarian, geographer, and historian resort to the *De situ moribus et populis Germaniæ libellus*, as the astronomer to the Principia of Newton, and the jurist to the Fœdera of Rymer. I intend to be perfectly at liberty as to my subjects and the modes of treating them. As I wish to impose no obligation upon readers, so I shall fasten no fetters on myself, but be entirely unrestrained as to matter and manner. The *thoughts on Tacitus* will therefore be a head under which, with a motto from that writer, I may range reflections or extracts, either critical, historical, literary, political, or moral; but I would not wish to be censured, if I begin with a syllogism and end with the praises of *sweet pennyroyal*.

Perhaps it is useless to number the papers, because they will be very irregular in their appearance. It seems indeed rather absurd to give by Nos. an air of order to a work, which it cannot assume, and expressly disclaims. Besides, I know not how long I may continue to write such disquisitions. A thousand evils may discourage me, or a thousand accidents may prevent my exertions. The mere business of composition, every author knows, is not mechanical; it is often entirely fortuitous; it depends on a variety of circumstances; it is influenced by an infinity of modifications, too minute to be noticed and too evanescent to be described. It resembles a class of inflammatory disorders. The fever fit is neither quotidian, nor every other day, nor tertian, nor quar-

tan; the disease is in its nature intermittent; the symptoms are fallacious, there is no diagnostick.

I have chosen Tacitus for reflections, because he abounds in them. On every page is stamped deep thought. He sparkles with mind; he corruscates with incessant shootings of intellect. In every age he has been honoured and admired by princes and politicians. The emperor Tacitus was proud to mark the historian in the line of his ancestors. Leo the 10th, the great and the illustrious, purchased a manuscript, containing part of his works, at a high price, and offered the finder dignities, rewards, and religious indulgences. Queen Christina of Sweden devoted days and nights to this profound writer. The reading of Greek literature was her amusement, but the study of Tacitus she called "*ses lectures serieuses*." Commentators have overwhelmed him with explanation, and discourses have enlarged his primal matter into bulky volumes of discordant opinions, little utility, and tedious elaboration, as the Armenian merchant increases his little box of musk by the frequent addition of apparently similar materials; or as the chemist, by the operation of calorick, volatilizes a few cubick inches of water into a wide atmosphere of artificial gases. They can offer no other apology, than that Tacitus deserved perpetual commentary and could easily furnish matter for discourse. This is unquestionably true. In his writings there is more terseness, more condensation, more vigour, than in Tully. In the former the reader is stopped by

the sense ; in the latter he is often detained by the beauty of the sentence. The first is brief, pointed, and profound ; the second is magnificent, elaborate, and learned. Tacitus is like an Ethiopian sun, which darts direct light and burning heat ; Tully sometimes resembles the sun of our latitude, where the rays and solar fire are mellowed by atmospheric reflection, and lessened by physical obliquity. The short and single sentences of Tacitus are like the meteorous irradiations of Aurora Borealis in Norway, shooting from the horizon to the zenith. The rhetorical combinations of Tully resemble wide-spread conflagrations of whole forests on the African coast, which redden the blackness of

night, and give radiance to the splendour of day.

It is time, Messrs. Editors, to relieve you. I have only to add, that I shall probably be greatly indebted to various writers in the progress of my work, as it will not be wholly original. Therefore to disarm that kind of criticism, which is no sister to candour, but is the distorted offspring of *mordax malignitas*, I now boldly and honestly confess, that I shall borrow from Brotier, Montesquieu, Johnson, Bayle, or other authorities, whatever materials I may find necessary for ornament or construction, without minutely noting *quantity, where, when, or* any other of the entertaining categories of the pleasant Aristotle.

QUINTILIAN.

THE REMARKER.

No. 2.

—ut sibi quivis

Speret idem, rudet multum frustra que labores
Ausus idem. HOR.

THOUGH there is no subject, on which persons more confidently speak, or more widely differ, than on the merits of eminent writers, yet not every one, who censures, or admires, is always able to give a reason for his censure, or admiration. Numbers judge from prejudice and passion, and pass the most extravagant encomiums on one author, and declaim violently against another, who are utterly incapable of pointing out their excellencies and defects. They admire they know not why, and condemn they know not wherefore. They like *because* they like, not considering that the great point is, to know *how* to like, and to discover what is worth

liking. Till they attain to this, which distinguishes the man of discriminating taste from the idle declaimer, their admiration will be blind and senseless, and their censures, cavils, not criticisms.

We live in a country, which abounds in criticks of this kind, who, by the mere force of natural genius, without the aid of learning, will decide peremptorily on the merits of authors, and often in direct opposition to the united suffrage of ages. With these gentlemen, correct elegance passes for dulness, and bombast for genius.

Some are exclusively attached to nervous writers, fascinated with the boldness of their senti-

ments, or the imposing splendour of their language. Dazzled with excellencies, real or imaginary, they are blind to their defects. Thus they can distinguish no stiffness and pedantry in Johnson, no gallicisms in Gibbon, no turgid obscurities in Burke. Among the poets, they can find no nonsense in Shakespeare, and no quaintness in Milton; and rank Juvenal, Dryden, and Churchill, far above Horace, Boileau, and Pope. Struck with the size and sinews of the Farnese Hercules, they have no taste for the finished elegance of the Belvidere Apollo.

Others again are great admirers of simplicity, and have no relish for dignified and ornamental writing. They are startled at a metaphor, and disgusted with an epithet. They would strip the best authors of their most admired decorations, and leave them as bare as the fashionable belles of the day.

Now the man of taste will not condemn or approve by wholesale, but will weigh in his critical balance the distinguishing beauties and defects of every author, and assign a satisfactory reason for his censure or his approbation. He will acknowledge, that Shakespeare exhibits beauties superiour to those of the best authors, and at the same time possesses faults, which would disgrace the worst, that he perpetually mixes farce with tragedy, that he is forever hunting after quibbles, which, when found, do not always repay the labour of search, that though many of his scenes are perfect, yet he has not perhaps a complete play.

In Johnson he will admire a stupendous reach of understanding, profoundness of thought, general justness of criticism, and magnificence of language. But he will be occasionally disgusted with the too artificial construction of his elaborate periods, with the repeated recurrence of his diads, triads, and quaternions, as they are styled by the author of *Lexiphanes*. He will give all due credit to the *Rambler* for its fine moral reflexions, and the deep knowledge it exhibits of the human heart; but he will not allow it, as a work of taste, an equal rank with the *Spectator*. He will not discover in it that lightness, that airiness, that gentlemanly ease and humour, that natural unaffected elegance, those inimitable unstudied graces, which charm us in the pages of Addison. He will observe the morbid melancholy of Johnson pervading almost every paper, nor will he think him happy in the adoption or invention of his proper names, such as Turgoro, Orgilio, Papilius, Tetrica, &c.

In his lives of the poets, he will acknowledge his great critical acumen, and the vast powers of his mighty mind employed in the investigation of poetical merit. But he will confine his admiration of him to his criticisms on *intellectual* poetry. Of that species of poetry, which depends on feeling and sensibility, he will not regard him as a decisive judge. Hence he will not unite with him in his censures of Gray, and will probably think, that his panegyrick of Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew greatly exceeds its merits.

In Gibbon the man of taste will admire the extent of his learning, the strength of his imagination, and the brilliance of his style. But, whatever may be his religious opinions, he will consider the manner of the historian's attack on christianity unfair and disingenuous, his idiom often foreign, his sentences tedious from their uniformity, and sometimes obscure from their construction.

In Burke, he will be astonished at the richness and fertility of his imagination, the depth of his political knowledge, and the fire of his genius unquenched by age or misfortunes. But he will think him often obscure, and often extravagant. He will observe him ransacking art and nature for metaphors, and not very solicitous where he finds them; so that he will conclude on the whole, that his works resemble the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, which, though it contained a considerable portion of silver and fine gold, yet was disgraced, at the same time, with the meaner materials of iron, brass, and clay.

The three great writers last mentioned possess various and original excellencies. But they are dangerous models, as an imitator would probably only attain their defects. Their style and manner are easily copied, as is also the imposing splendour of their language. But their beauties, wholly distinct from these mechanical peculiarities, are not within the grasp of ordinary

minds. To imitate the ease and freedom of Addison is a safer, though perhaps a still more arduous task. But though native elegancies cannot be attained, yet much may be acquired from the attempt. 'Whoever wishes (says Johnson) to attain an English style, familiar and not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.'

Such a style is, on the whole, the most useful, perhaps the most elegant, if it be true, as the critics assert, that a fine style does not consist in fine words, but in the most natural, which will always be the most expressive collocation of those used in genteel and literary conversation.

The man of taste will consider this style as the best and most classical, though at the same time he will give due praise to the excellencies of the more gorgeous writers. He will not confine his admiration to any one class of authors, but will discover and relish the distinguishing perfections of each. 'He will (in the language of Addison) be pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for entering into those internal principles of action, which arise from characters and manners of the person he describes, or with Tacitus for displaying those outward motives of safety and interest, which gave birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.'* A.

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* Spectator No. 409.

SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 472.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A lawn before the cottage. The two damsels are discovered gathering flowers.*

ANUSUYA.

O MY Priyamvada, though our sweet friend has been happily married according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care ; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Pri. What doubt my Anusúyá ?

Anu. This morning the pious prince was dismissed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystick rites : he is now gone to his capital, Hastinápura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Pri. In that respect you may be quite easy. Men, so well informed and well educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honour.—We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anu. If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Pri. Why do you think so ?

Anu. Because he could desire nothing better, than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sacontala by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart, that she might be suitably married ; and since heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he be possibly dissatisfied ?

Pri. You reason well ; but—*[Looking at her basket]*—My friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anu. Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sacontala so much good fortune *[They both gather more flowers.]*

Behind the scenes. It is I—Hola !

Anu. *[Listening.]* I hear the voice,

as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Pri. Let us hasten thither. Sacontala is now reposing ; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anu. Be it so ; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers.

[They advance.]

Again behind the scenes. How ? Dost thou show no attention to a guest ? Then hear my imprecations—“ He “ on whom thou art meditating, on “ whom alone thy heart is now fixed, “ while thou neglectest a pure gem of “ devotion who demands hospitality, “ shall forget thee, when thou seest him “ next, as a man restored to sobriety “ forgets the words which he uttered “ in a state of intoxication.”

[Both damsels look at each other with affliction.]

Pri. Wo is me ! Dreadful calamity ! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked by her neglect, some holy man who expected reverence.

Anu. *[Looking]* It must be so ; for the cholerick Durvâsas is going hastily back.

Pri. Who else has power to consume, like raging fire, whatever offends him ? Go, my Anusuya ; fall at his feet, and persuade him, if possible, to return : in the mean time I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anu. I go with eagerness.

[She goes out.]

Pri. *[Advancing hastily her foot slips.]* Ah ! through my eager haste I have let the basket fall ; and my religious duties must not be postponed. *[She gathers fresh flowers.]*

Anusuya re-enters.

Anu. His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds.—Who living could now appease him by the humblest prostrations or intreaties ? yet at last he a little relented.

Pri. That little is a great deal for him.—But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anu. When he positively refused to come back, I threw myself at his feet, and thus addressed him: "Holy sage, forgive, I intreat, the offence of an amiable girl, who has the highest veneration for you, but was ignorant, through distraction of mind, how exalted a personage was calling to her."

Pri. What then? What said he?

Anu. He answered thus: "My word must not be recalled; but the spell which it has raised shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see his ring." Saying this he disappeared.

Pri. We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed, he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sacontala the ring, on which we saw the name of Dushmanta engraved, and which we will instantly recognize. On him therefore alone, will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anu. Come, let us now proceed to the shrines of the goddesses, and implore their succour. [*Both advance.*]

Pri. [*Looking.*] See, my Anusuya, where our beloved friend sits, motionless as a picture, supporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind so intent on one object, she can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Anu. Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvada, remain a secret between us two: we must spare the feelings of our beloved, who is naturally susceptible of quick emotions.

Pri. Who would pour boiling water on the blossom of a tender Mallicà?

[*Both go out.*]

A Pupil of Canna enters.

Pup. I am ordered by the venerable Canna, who is returned from the place of his pilgrimage to observe the time of the night, and am, therefore, come forth to see how much remains of it.—[*Walking round, and observing the heavens.*] On one side, the moon, who kindles the flowers of the Oshadhi, has nearly sunk in his western bed; and, on the other, the sun, seated behind his charioteer Arun, is beginning his course: the lustre of them both is conspicuous, when they rise and when they set; and by their example should men be equally firm in prosperous and in adverse fortune.—The moon has now disappeared, and the night flower pleases no

more: it leaves only a remembrance of its odour, and languishes like a tender bride whose pain is intolerable in the absence of her beloved.—The ruddy morn impurples the dew drops on the branches of yonder Vadari; the peacock, shaking off sleep, hastens from the cottages of hermits interwoven with holy grass; and yonder antelope, springing hastily from the place of sacrifice, which is marked, with his hoofs, raises himself on high, and stretches his graceful limbs.—How is the moon fallen from the sky with diminished beams! the moon who had set his foot on the head of Suëru, king of mountains, and had climbed, scattering the rear of darkness, even to the central palace of Vishnu!—Thus do the great men of this world ascend with extreme labour to the summit of ambition, but easily and quickly descend from it.

Anusuya enters meditating.

Anu. [*aside.*] Such has been the affection of Sacontala, though she was bred in austere devotion, averse from sensual enjoyments!—How unkind was the king to leave her!

Pup. [*aside.*] The proper time is come for performing the hōma: I must apprise our preceptor of it. [*He goes out.*]

Anu. The shades of night are dispersed; and I am hardly awake; but were I ever so perfectly in my senses, what could I now do? My hands move not readily to the usual occupations of the morning.—Let the blame be cast on love, on love only, by whom our friend has been reduced to her present condition, through a monarch who has broken his word. Or does the imprecation of Durvāsas already prevail? How else could a virtuous king, who made so solemn an engagement, have suffered so long a time to elapse without sending even a message?—Shall we convey the fatal ring to him?—Or what expedient can be suggested for the relief of this incomparable girl, who mourns without ceasing?—Yet what fault has she committed?—With all my zeal for her happiness, I cannot summon courage enough to inform our father Canna that she is pregnant.—What then, oh! what step can I take to relieve her anxiety?

Priyamvada enters.

Pri. Come, Anusuya, come quickly.

They are making suitable preparations for conducting Scontala to her husband's palace.

Anu. [With surprise.] What say you, my friend?

Pri. Hear me. I went just now to Scontala, meaning only to ask if she had slept well.

Anu. What then? oh what then?

Pri. She was sitting with her head bent on her knee, when our father Canna, entering her apartment, embraced and congratulated her.—“My sweet child,” said he, “there has been a happy omen: the young Brahmen who officiated in our morning sacrifice, though his sight was impeded by clouds of smoke, dropped the clarified butter into the very centre of the adorable flame.—Now since the pious act of my pupil has prospered, my foster child must not be suffered any longer to languish in sorrow; and this day I am determined to send thee from the cottage of the old hermit who bred thee up, to the palace of the monarch who has taken thee by the hand!”

Anu. My friend, who told Canna what passed in his absence?

Pri. When he entered the place where the holy fire was blazing, he heard a voice from heaven pronouncing divine measures.—

Anu. [Amazed.] Ah! you astonish me.

Pri. Hear the celestial verse:—“Know that thy adopted daughter, O pious Brahmen, has received from Dushmanta a ray of glory destined to rule the world; as the wood Sami becomes pregnant with mysterious fire.”

Anu. [Embracing Priyamvada.] I am delighted, my beloved; I am transported with joy. But—since they mean to deprive us of our friend so soon as to day, I feel that my delight is at least equalled by my sorrow.

Pri. Oh! we must submit patiently to the anguish of parting. Our beloved friend will now be happy; and that should console us.

Anu. Let us now make haste to dress her in bridal array. I have already, for that purpose, filled the shell of a cocoa nut, which you see fixed on an Amra tree, with the fragrant dust of Nágacéfaras: take it down, and keep it in a fresh lotos leaf, whilst I collect some Góráchana from the forehead of

a sacred cow, some earth from consecrated ground, and some fresh Cusa grass, of which I will make a paste to ensure good fortune.

Pri. By all means. [She takes down the perfume.—Anusuya goes out.]

Behind the scenes. O Gautami bid the two Misras, Sarngarava and Saradwata, make ready to accompany my child Scontala.

Pri. [Listening.] Lose no time, Anusuya, lose no time. Our father Canna is giving orders for the intended journey to Hastinápura.

Anusuya re-enters with the ingredients of her Charm.

Anu. I am here: let us go, my Priyamvada. [They both advance.]

Pri. [Looking.] There stands our Scontala, after her bath at sunrise, while many holy women, who are congratulating her, carry baskets of hallowed grain.—Let us hasten to greet her. *Enter Scontala, Gautami, and female Hermits.*

Sac. I prostrate myself before the goddesses.

Gaut. My child, thou canst not pronounce too often the word goddesses: thus wilt thou procure great felicity for thy lord.

Herm. Mayst thou, O royal bride, be delivered of a hero! [The Hermits go out.]

Both Damsels. [Approaching Scontala.] Beloved friend, was your bath pleasant?

Sac. O! my friends, you are welcome: let us sit a while together. [They seat themselves.]

Anu. Now you must be patient, whilst I bind on a charm to secure your happiness.

Sac. That is kind.—Much has been decided this day: and the pleasure of being thus attended by my sweet friends will not soon return. [Wiping off her tears.]

Pri. Beloved, it is unbecoming to weep at a time when you are going to be so happy.—[Both damsels burst into tears as they dress her.] Your elegant person deserves richer apparel: it is now decorated with such rude flowers as we could procure in this forest.

Canna's Pupil enters with rich clothes.

Pup. Here is a complete dress. Let the queen wear it auspiciously; and may her life be long! [The women look with astonishment.]

Gaut. My son, Harita whence came this apparel?

Pup. From the devotion of our father Canna.

Gaut. What dost thou mean?

Pup. Be attentive. The venerable sage gave this order: "Bring fresh flowers for Sacontala from the most beautiful trees;" and suddenly the wood-nymphs appeared, raising their hands, which rivalled new leaves in beauty and softness. Some of them wove a lower mantle bright as the moon, the presage of her felicity; another pressed the juice of *Láclhà* to stain her feet exquisitely red; the rest were busied in forming the gayest ornaments; and they eagerly showered their gifts on us.

Pri. [*Looking at Sacontala.*] Thus it is, that even the bee, whose nest is within the hollow trunk, does homage to the honey of the lotos flower.

Gaut. The nymphs must have been commissioned by the goddesses of the king's fortune, to predict the accession of brighter ornaments in his palace. [*Sacontala looks modest.*]

Pup. I must hasten to Canna, who is gone to bathe in the Malina, and let him know the signal kindness of the wood-nymphs. [*He goes out.*]

Anu. My sweet friend, I little expected so splendid a dress:—how shall I adjust it properly?—[*Considering.*—] Oh! my skill in painting will supply me with some hints; and I will dispose the drapery according to art.

Sac. I well know your affection for him.

Canna enters meditating.

Can. [*Aside.*] This day must Sacontala depart: that is resolved; yet my soul is smitten with anguish.—My speech is interrupted by a torrent of tears, which my reason suppresses and turns inward: my very sight is dimmed.—Strange that the affliction of a forester, retired from the haunts of men, should be so excessive!—Oh! with what pangs must they who are fathers of families be afflicted on the departure of a daughter! [*He walks round musing.*]

Pri. Now, my Sacontala, you are becomingly decorated: put on this lower vest the gift of sylvan goddesses. [*Sacontala rises and puts on the mantle.*]

Gaut. My child, thy spiritual father, whose eyes overflow with tears of joy,

stands desiring to embrace thee. Hasten, therefore, to do him reverence.

[*Sacontala modestly bows to him.*]

Can. Mayst thou be cherished by thy husband, as Sarmishtha was cherished by Yayati! Mayst thou bring forth a sovereign of the world, as she brought forth Puru!

Gaut. This, my child, is not a mere benediction; it is a boon actually conferred.

Can. My best beloved, come and walk with me round the sacrificial fire.—[*They all advance.*—] May these fires preserve thee! Fires which spring to their appointed stations on the holy hearth, and consume the consecrated wood, while the fresh blades of mysterious *Cusa* lie scattered around them!—Sacramental fires, which destroy sin with the rising fumes of clarified butter!—[*Sacontala walks with solemnity round the hearth.*—] Now set out, my darling, on thy auspicious journey.—[*Looking round.*] Where are the attendants, the two *Misras*?

Enter Sárnagarava and Sâradwata.

Both. Holy sage, we are here.

Can. My son, Sárnagarava, show thy sister her way.

Sarn. Come, damsel. [*They all advance.*]

Can. Hear, all ye trees of this hallowed forest; ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode; hear, and proclaim, that Sacontala is going to the palace of her wedded lord; she who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she, who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season, when your branches are spangled with flowers!

CHORUS of invisible Woodnymphs.

May her way be attended with prosperity! May propitious breezes sprinkle, for her delight, the odoriferous dust of rich blossoms! May pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the lotos, refresh her as she walks! and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sun beams!

[*All listen with admiration.*]

Sarn. Was that the voice of the *Có-cila* wishing a happy journey to Sacontala?—Or did the nymphs, who are allied to the pious inhabitants of these woods, repeat the warbling of the mu-

ficat bird, and make its greeting their own?

Gaut. Daughter, the sylvan goddesses, who love their kindred hermits, have wished you prosperity, and are entitled to humble thanks. [*Sacontala walks round, bowing to the Nymphs.*]

Sac. [*aside to Priyamvada.*] Delighted as I am, O Priyamvada, with the thought of seeing again the son of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early asylum, I am scarce able to walk.

Pri. You lament not alone.—Mark the affliction of the forest itself when the time of your departure approaches!—The female antelope browses no more on the collected Cusa grass; and the peahen ceases to dance on the lawn: the very plants of the grove, whose pale leaves fall on the ground, lose their strength and their beauty.

Sac. Venerable father, suffer me to address this Madhavî creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.

Can. My child, I know thy affection for it.

Sac. [*Embracing the plant.*] O most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though removed to a fatal distance, I shall forever be thine.—O beloved father, consider this creeper as myself.

Can. My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a husband equal to thyself: such an event has been long, for thy sake, the chief object of my heart; and now, since my solicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favourite plant to the bridegroom Amra, who sheds fragrance near her.—Proceed, my child, on thy journey.

Sac. [*Approaching the two damsels.*] Sweet friends, let this Madhavî creeper be a precious deposit in your hands.

Anu. and Pri. Alas! in whose care shall we be left? [*They both weep.*]

Can. Tears are vain, Anusuya: our Sacontala ought rather to be supported by your firmness, than weakened by your weeping. [*All advance.*]

Sac. Father! when yon female antelope, who now moves slowly from the weight of the young ones with which she is pregnant, shall be delivered of them, send me, I beg, a kind message with tidings of her safety.—Do not forget,

Can. My beloved, I will not forget it.

Sac. [*Advancing, then stopping.*] Ah! what is it that clings to the skirts of my robe, and detains me.

[*She turns round and looks.*]

Can. It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whose mouth, when the sharp points of Cusa grass had wounded it, has been so often smeared by thy hand with the healing oil of Ingudi; who has been so often fed by thee with an handful of Syamaka grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

Sac. Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who must leave our common dwelling place?—As thou wast reared by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will my foster-father attend thee, when we are separated, with anxious care.—Return, poor thing, return—we must part. [*She bursts into tears.*]

Can. Thy tears, my child, ill suit the occasion: we shall all meet again: be firm: see the direct road before thee, and follow it.—When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eye-lashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself.—In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal; but virtue will press thee right onward.

Sarn. It is a sacred rule, holy sage, that a benevolent man should accompany a traveller till he meet with abundance of water; and that rule you have carefully observed: we are now near the brink of a large pool. Give us, therefore, your commands, and return.

Can. Let us rest awhile under the shade of this Vata tree—(*They all go to the shade.*)—What message can I send with propriety to the noble Dushmanta?

[*He meditates.*]

Anu. [*Aside to Sacontala.*] My beloved friend, every heart in our asylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure.—Look; the bird Chacravâca, called by his mate, who is almost hidden by water lilies, gives her no answer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotos stalks, which he had plucked, gazes at you with inexpressible tenderness.

Can. My son Sárngarava, remember, when thou shalt present Sacontala to the king, to address him thus, in my name: "Considering us hermits as virtuous, indeed, but rich only in devotion, and considering also thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which arose in thy bosom without any interference of her kindred; and look on her among thy wives with the same kindness which they experience: more than that cannot be demanded; since particular affection must depend on the will of heaven."

Sarn. Your message, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

Can. (*Looking tenderly at Sacontala.*) Now, my darling, thou too must be gently admonished.—We, who are humble foresters, are yet acquainted with the world, which we have forsaken.

Sarn. Nothing can be unknown to the wife.

Can. Hear, my daughter—When thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, show due reverence to him, and to those whom he reveres: though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them, than a rival.—Should he displease thee, let not thy resentment lead thee to disobedience.—In thy conduct to thy domesticks be rigidly just and impartial; and seek not eagerly thy own gratifications.—By such behaviour young women become respectable; but perverse wives are the bane of a family.—What thinks Gautamí of this lesson?

Gaut. It is incomparable:—My child, be sure to remember it.

Can. Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me and to thy tender companions.

Sac. Must Anusuya and Priyamvada return to the hermitage?

Can. They too, my child, must be suitably married; and it would not be proper for them yet to visit the city; but Gautamí will accompany thee.

Sac. (*Embracing him.*) Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal tree, rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil?

Can. Be not so anxious. When thou shalt be mistress of a family, and consort of a king, thou mayst, indeed, be occasionally perplexed by the intricate affairs, which arise from the exuberance

of wealth, but wilt then think lightly of this transient affliction, especially when thou shalt have a son (and a son thou wilt have) bright as the rising day-star.—Know also with certainty, that the body must necessarily, at the appointed moment, be separated from the soul: who, then, can be immoderately afflicted, when the weaker bounds of extrinick relations are loosened, or even broken?

Sac. (*Falling at his feet.*) My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you.

Can. Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happiness prove successful.

Sac. (*Approaching her two companions.*) Come then, my beloved friends, embrace me together. [*They embrace her.*]

Anu. My friend, if the virtuous monarch should not at once recollect you, only show him the ring on which his own name is engraved.

Sac. (*Starting.*) My heart flutters at the bare apprehension which you have raised.

Pri. Fear not, sweet Sacontala: love always raises ideas of misery, which are seldom or never realized.

Sarn. Holy sage, the sun has risen to a considerable height: let the queen hasten her departure.

Sac. (*Again embracing Canna.*) When, my father, oh! when again shall I behold this asylum of virtue?

Can. Daughter, when thou shalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and shalt have borne him a son, whose car shall be matchless in battle, thy lord shall transfer to him the burden of empire, and thou, with thy Dushmanta, shall again seek tranquillity, before thy final departure, in this loved and consecrated grove.

Gaut. My child, the proper time for our journey passes away rapidly: suffer thy father to return.—Go, venerable man, go back to thy mansion, from which she is doomed to be so long absent.

Can. Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

Sac. You, my father, will perform them long without sorrow; but I, alas! am destined to bear affliction.

Can. O! my daughter compel me not to neglect my daily devotions.—(*Sighing.*)—No, my sorrow will not be diminished.—Can it cease, my beloved, when the plants which rise luxuriantly

from the hallowed grains which thy hand has strown before my cottage are continually in my sight?—Go, may thy journey prosper. (*Sacontala goes out with Gautami and the two Misras.*)

Both Damsels. (*Looking after Sacontala with anguish.*) Alas! alas! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

Can. My children, since your friend is at length departed, check your immoderate grief, and follow me.

(*They all turn back.*)

Both. Holy father, the grove will be a perfect vacuity without Sacontala.

Can. Your affection will certainly give it that appearance.—(*He walks round, meditating.*)—Ah me!—yes; at last my weak mind has attained its due firmness after the departure of my Sacontala.—In truth a daughter must sooner or later be the property of another; and, having now sent her to her lord, I find my soul clear and undisturbed, like that of a man who has restored to its owner an inestimable deposit which he long had kept with solicitude.

(*They go out.*)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

THE GARDEN, MORALIZED.

“Resemblance is the foundation of figurative language. Yet resemblance must not be taken in too strict a sense for actual similitude, or likeness of appearance. Two objects may raise a train of concordant ideas in the mind, though they resemble each other, strictly speaking, in nothing.”—Dr. Blair.

THE Garden, fairest spot in nature's bed,
Delights no more since Eden's charms
are fled.
For here no flower expands with fade-
less bloom,
No tree, life-giving, sheds its rich per-
fume,
No living verdure decorates the sod,
Nor angels visit man's forlorn abode.

Since then the garden's spicy sweets
afford
No real pleasure to its wealthy lord;
Since all the countless tribes of flowers
that bloom,
But lure the traveller onward to his
tomb;
Come, let us moralize on all we can,
And for improvement call each flower
a man.

Arranged with taste, within the green
parterre
What various men in various dress ap-
pear;

The gay pert nymph, too conscious of
her charms,
The maid too modest, ever in alarms;
The self-taught sage, whose life is
squared by rule,
The ignorant witling, and the learned
fool;
The infant, dying on its mother's breast,
The aged, gently sinking down to rest;
Each different character in life, I ween,
May in the garden's motley group be
seen.

O'er heaven's high arch, when stormy
clouds fly fast,
And milder skies proclaim the winter
past,
Fair snowdrop rises from her chilly bed,
Opes her pale eyes, and lifts her lan-
guid head;
Too soft her frame to endure the rough-
ning air,
Too weak her nerves the heat of noon
to bear,
One short-lived day oppressive pain she
feels,
Till night's cold breath the fount of
life congeals.

Next, modest daffodil* attracts our
view,
Whose charms tho' oft beheld are ever
new,

....

* The Daffodil is a species of the *Narcissus*, of a yellowish colour, and blows much earlier than the real white *Narcissus*.

Some grace unseen, some worth unknown before,
At each attempt we happily explore,
Beneath her home-spun vest we're sure
to find,
An honest, innocent, and generous mind.

With port 'majestick, raised above
his peers
'A high crown'd emperor* his head
uprears,
O'er all the wide extended realm his
sway,
And distant nations listen and obey.
Three pendant bells, high o'er his
palace gate
The heralds of their mighty sovereign
wait.
So 'Tartar's Cham† with trumpet's
piercing sound
Proclaim'd to all the neighbouring na-
tions round,
When from repast he'd crown'd the
sparkling wine,
That kings might know their proper
hour to dine.

Next in the group stands Tulip,‡ pert
and gay,
The gaudy daughter of young, bloom-
ing May.
With nimble foot she trips it o'er the
green,
And cares for nothing, if she's only seen.
Her beauteous dress, she thinks, may
well suffice
To steal the admirer's heart, as well as
eyes.
Perhaps she's right; but lay her dress
aside,
And who on earth would take her for
a bride.
'Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,

....

* *The Crown Imperial has three bell-like flowers, hanging from the top of the stalk, where a kind of belfry is constructed of a thick mat of leaves.*

† *See Millot's History.*

‡ *The Tulip may justly be called a modern lady of fashion, tipt off with the gewgaws of vanity, and a corrupt taste; she dazzles without pleasing, and shines without being noticed, except by the pain she gives to the virtuous few, whose eyes are not quite strong enough to look upon her without offence.*

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'Young without lovers, old without a
friend;
'A fop her passion, and her prize a sot,
'Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.'

Fly, gentle zephyrs, haste on nimble
wing,
And all Arabia's richest treasures bring;
Narcissa* comes in all the pride of
youth,
The glow of beauty, and the charm of
truth.
Subdued her passions, and her soul
refined,
Pure, as her milk-white vesture, is her
mind;
Her locks with richest odours all
perfumed,
Her brow with virtue's brightest beams
illumed;
No gorgeous robe her graceful form con-
ceals,
Too much she hides not, nor too much
reveals;
Worth, wealth, and honour to her shrine
repair,
And hail Narcissa, fairest of the fair.
Blest with reflection's temperate, cloud-
less ray,
'She makes to-morrow cheerful as to-
day,'
The same obsequious, ever lovely wife,
Confers the rose, and plucks the thorns
of life.

When the young hours their rosy
children lead,
O'er the green mountain, and the lilled
mead,
His Honour comes in purple velvet
spruce,
A 'squire of high renown, called Fleur
de luce.§
His looks, his acts, his modesty and zeal,
Bespeak a labourer for the publick weal;

....

* *Fair to the sight, grateful to the smell, it is a beautiful and apt emblem of every thing graceful and delicate in the person, and excellent in the mind of an amiable woman! (Me judice.)*

§ *The resemblance here, it must be confessed, is almost altogether imaginary. There is a gravity in the colour, and dignity in the appearance of this flower, which may bear some resemblance of the character alluded to.*

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ty in the appearance of this flower, which
may bear some resemblance of the character
alluded to.

To him the fair discloses every plan,
For sure, says she, the 'squire's an honest man.

High from his seat next Snow-ball*
blithe appears,
A man of fashion in the vale of years,
New varnished daily with the *ball* and
puff,
He makes a graceful bow, and that's
enough!

Lo, from the west the foldier, Piony,
comes,
Loud roar the cannon, and quick beat
the drums;
In dashy red from head to foot he
burns,
And talks of *war*, and *wounds*, and *love*
by turns;
Till at the fatal gun's tremendous
sound,
He falls a breathless corps upon the
ground.

"Sophæd on silk" amid her velvet
bowers,
The loungee, Poppy, sleeps away her
hours.
No anxious fear disturbs her peaceful
breast,
No rival's charms her thoughtless hours
molest.
She loves to dwell in cavern's dull re-
treat,
Where Lethean dews her grateful senses
greet.
'Yet Chloe sure was formed without
a spot;
'Nature in her then erred not, but
forgot.'

Sweet, lovely Rose, the maid, whom
all admire,
The youth enamoured, and the doting
fire;
Thy texture fine, and violet-mingled
hues,
Thy looks so charming stoicks can't re-
fuse,
Thy countless charms, conceived, but
ne'er defined,
Bespeak thy *imbecility* of mind.

....

* This flower, it seems, was made only
to be seen.

Ill fated girl! thy tears this truth
confess,
More had thy days been, had thy *charms*
been *less*.

Thus youthful Anna 'mid her 'sociates
shone,
The fairest flower, and the earliest
blown;
And but for this, had long remain'd
the same
Unrivalled beauty with unfulfilled fame.

'But pale the lips, where soft caresses
hung,
'Wan the flush cheek, and mute the
tender tongue,'
Cold rests the heart, to grief awhile a
prey,
And the loved eyes no more behold the
day.

Hail, sweet *Columbine*,* youth of mod-
est mien,
'Unknown to fortune, born to blush
unseen,'
We call thee, stranger, from thy murky
fen,
And bid thee welcome to the haunts of
men.
Thy smiles are pleasure, and thy words
impart
"The oil of gladness" to the sorrowing
heart.
Cease every joy; let earth-born com-
forts die;
Thy cornucopia, virtue, shall supply
The needy traveller on his home-ward
road,
Till welcome to his long-sought, last
abode.

(To be continued.)

....

* "The petals of this flower terminate in
a long tube, called by botanists a cornucopia,
or horn of plenty, at the end of which the
honey is secreted. Many insects are provided
with a long proboscis for the purpose of ac-
quiring this grateful food. But this tube is
so long, that little, if any of the honey can be
extracted by them." The virtuous man has
a treasure, which the insects of vice can nev-
er totally destroy. They may injure him by
detraction, gore him by the stings of envy and
malice, yea, they may kill the body; but have
not power to kill the soul.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

On reading the following Idyl, in the "Esprit du Journaux," I was much delighted with its natural simplicity, and sometime ago gave it an English dress. It is now at your disposal.— Publish it, if you think its perusal will give your readers pleasure; or if it meets your disapprobation, light your segars with it, an office to which it would have been assigned by myself, but for the recollection of your miscellany. Z.

ALOE : AN IDYL.

I no longer hear the sweet notes of the * Fauvette, which so lately lodged amid the foliage of the tufted chestnut tree. How do I regret her loss! In the absence of Mertil, her company was the charm of my heart. At the first smile of Aurora, she was wont to celebrate the mild benefit of the light, which banishes sleep and widely diffuses joy. She sang, and the birds with emulation raised the plaintive strain to hail the nascent day. When her sweet melody was heard in the woods, she concealed herself, like Palemon when he has alleviated the miseries of our indigent villagers. Sometimes she called on the Nightingale and the summons was instantly obeyed. With what delight have I listened to their converse! They mingled their voices like the accents of Mertil and me, when love is our theme!

On approach of evening, when other birds had sought repose, she was still heard by turns to sigh, and coo, and warble. I love also to listen at the village festivals, while Mertil plays on his hautboy, after the concert of the shepherds has ceased.

What has become of my gentle Fauvette? why is thy warbling suspended? Is thy spouse tired of thee? If

* "Fauvette. A sort of small fallow bird, which sings sweetly."

Mertil were to abandon me, my pipe should sound no more. Has the unexpected cold, which yesterday saddened the face of nature, affected thy delicate bosom? Come, I will give thee the honey, which I reserve for Mertil. Or has some cruel hand despoiled thee of life or of liberty? Surely in this vicinity there dwells no such barbarian.

The Fauvette, at these words of Aloe, hopped from a projecting branch. She flies an instant, but soon flutters near a rich field of corn, stops short, and alights on a ripe ear,—it bends, she pecks and shakes it, the grains fall,—she takes them in her beak and flies away. Ere she has reached home her young ones express their joy at her return by their chirping and their movements. The shepherdess perceives them as they raise their heads from the nest.

Thou art a mother, charming Fauvette? cried she, then thou art happy. Thy nestlings afford thee delight, they receive thy cares and thy love. Thou dost not yet sing to them, they are too young, but thou holdest sweet converse with them and thy spouse, who no longer wanders from thee. Sweet bird, who so oft hast soothed my soul in its languor, I have not forgotten the pleasures thou hast created for me. Afford me that also of aiding thee in the nourishment of thy tender offspring. I will pluck the caterpillars from the loveliest flowers, I will gather the ripe grains, and each morn will come, to deposit them at the foot of the chestnut tree..... What, thou disdainest my proffered services? Ah, I comprehend the reason. Thy family would no longer be so dear to thee, if another had a share in protecting it. Aloe will perhaps be one day a mother, her children will then be every thing to her, she will be every thing to her children. Her pipe will resound only for their amusement, the fountains of her milk will flow for their nourishment, and should these sources ever be exhausted, how much will it cost her to receive the succour of a stranger. Adieu, tender and fortunate mother! Aloe has been taught by thy example, what is the will of nature: she knows how to fulfil it.

From the French of M. le Comte d'Alben.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 64.

The Powers of Genius, a poem, in three parts. By John Blair Linn, A. M. co-pastor of the first Presbyterian church in the city of Philadelphia. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. Philadelphia, Conrad & Co. 1802.

NATURE is beauty ; and her most peculiar feature, variety. The character of man is as various, as his species is numerous, and, since the creation of waters, the form of a wave was never repeated. Though we hourly discover parallels amongst our associates, there is an exquisite distinction in the very exactness of likeness ; a certain inexpressible something eminently our own ; a happiness derivative, as it were, from heaven. Colleges may impair, what learning cannot compensate !

Should the frequent failures of modern poesy, be attributed to the neglect of this peculiar characteristic of our nature, we beg not to be considered by the erudite as irretrievably gothick. It is difficult to conjecture wherefore, but it has latterly become the vogue to imitate any thing but nature ; to filter through the pericranium the fancies of other people, in preference to cultivating our own. If, now a days,

you take up a communication from a correspondent, you are either enveloped in the voluminous curl of the Johnsonian peruke, or pierced through the sensorium by the tart laconism of Lavater. " Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light : for the law of writ these are the only men." It is not our inclination to cavil at the singularities of established writers, but we wish it always recollected, that those, who follow, can necessarily never come up ; and that the peculiarities, which are interesting with their originator, may be preposterous in his imitator. The oaten stop of rural poesy is surely soothing ; but because Rogers, for instance, has written prettily on a ring-dove, is it indispensably necessary, that our masters and misses should be descriptively ridiculous for a century to come.

The superiority of the ancients in painting, architecture, and sculpture, might possibly persuade us to conjecture, with Milton, a degeneracy in human nature. But, beside the defender of so whimsical a position, the recenter dates of Cowper and of Southey, leave us little to question the capability of the period. Inferiority to antiquity, that scarecrow of moderns, like others of the brotherhood of frightful de-

meanour, is a mere imposition of stubble and straw ; and it will be discovered, when children have courage for reflection, that it is rather erected to frighten praise from our neighbours, than facilitate by caution the advancement of mind. Yet nothing now, too, is admired by many, but the *hoary* ; and the mouldiness of manuscript, like the wall-flowers and mosses of ruins, affords sentiment by barrenness and material from decay. One is hagridden, as it were,

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,

with nothing but the classicks, the classicks, the classicks ! A smooth gentleman, from Alma mater, tutors you, forsooth, that this performance is classical, and that is not classical ; that this metaphor is disjointed, or that metaphor articulates, and so on to the conclusion of the chapter : when, probably, the sphere of your acquirements is no otherwise expanded, than by the interesting disclosure, that to write classically, is to write accurately.

There's not a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Had the classicks squandered themselves on the manufacture of *fac simile*, the conclusion of their lives, like those of their copyists, had been the period of their fame : but nature was the fountain, from which they drank of immortality ; nature, pure and unadulterated by the frosty infusions of literary empiricks. Their bodies are with the Capulets, but genius is eternal. Numerous are the flowers that bloom on the slopes of Par-

nassus, various of complexion, and shifting in perfume, like the proffers of Ophelia. There are daisies, fennel, and columbines ; there are rosemaries, pansies, and rue. "There's some for you, and here's some for me." But our posies are all senseless ; forced exoticks nourished by foreign fire, painted leaves of tiffany wound on formal wire. When, oh when, shall the winter of criticism be passed and the spring-tide of passion return ! when shall the library be deserted for the fields, and poetry ruminates in the shades, she loves to depicture ! when, oh when, shall the idolatry of learning be superseded by the worship of truth ! We are surfeited with the repetition of repetitions, and want opportunity for reflection ; for thought is as necessary to the soul, as exercise to the body ; and the intellect incessantly in arms is rickety for life.

Furthermore ; in essaying to imitate the chastity of the ancients we have unaccountably neglected their vigour. Singularity of sentiment and audacity of figure, though sometimes perhaps more violent than fortunate, are the gifted characteristicks of the bard. The listlessness of human nature is better gratified with even the eccentricity of hyperbole, than the frigidity of correctness. We must be awakened, before we are persuaded to feel. It is a hard portion for the delicate palate of connoisseurship, yet compounded by experience and observation, belles-lettres, to be interesting, must be popular. — Poetry, and painting were not intended merely for the retirement of the student. They are universal ap-

pellants to the sentiments and passions of mankind, and you may calculate with tolerable accuracy upon their deserts by the extensiveness of their circulation. Yet, in our day of refinement, very little is directed to the fancy or heart ; for, from some cogency or other, it is unfashionable to be moved. Should an author, in the interest of his subject, unfortunately be animated to an ebullition of the moment, his introduction of the costume of his grand-sire's (square-toes, bag-sleeves, buckram, and so on) could not more completely expose him for the purposes of ridicule. Style must be equable and level, as water at rest (the only superficies in nature, mechanically straight) ; smooth & tonsored as the forehead of a friar ; no pleasing sallies of cadence, or thought, must occur, but members of sentences be intermarried with members, tediously constituting, like the links in a chain, a series of polished monotonies. But, in so doing, our copyists of antiquity, as it generally happens with imitation, have not only departed from truth, but omitted the spirit of their original. Variety, that miracle of nature and genius, is endlessly exemplified in the father of epick. His verse, like some of the rivers of our country, accomplishes its journey over the abruptness of precipices, as well as through the tranquillity of vallies ; along the cultivated confines of population, or through the solitudes of the wilderness. We alternately climb with him to the sublime, or condescend to the simple ; struggle with the irregular, or relapse on the proportional ; the imagina-

tion is sometimes permitted to subside, that it may endure to be agitated ; entertained with the plaintive, to be contrasted by the tremendous.

But the times of inspiration are departed ; and nature, the only muse of the poet, is unfeelingly forgotten. We have substituted rhetorick in her room, and degenerated to a race of manufacturers. We have striven to be faultless, and neglected to be natural ; criticism is satisfied, but sensibility frozen. The passions, that hung on the lyres of old, are long since buried with their masters, or prostituted on the vulgar intercourses of a day. Establishment has crowded out sentiment ; luxury and refinement have enervated virility. But posterity will do justice to nature and genius ; and thousands will daily devour Skakespeare, for one that reads Pope ; thousands shall prefer playing with a dried leaf and a switch, in the simple retirements of Weston and Cowper, for one that sits primly with Addison and propriety, on a visit of ceremony, in the parlour of the muses. Truth to nature will be the test, by which poetry is tried ; and as she approaches or retires in her analgies, her merits to consideration or neglect will be eventually determined. The various character of her theme indulges a multiplicity of styles ; but style, without character appropriate, will perish with its mannerist. Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, that the perfection of his art originates at the point of its concealment ; or, in other words, when the painter and his tools are forgotten in the truth of effect. With

so high an authority to support our position, permit us farther to quote the pertinent assertion, "that deformity commences with the dancing-master." But little evidence is necessary where the fact is perspicuous. The superiority of nature over art, is the superiority of the works of heaven over those of man; and he, who neglects the performances of the former, for the second hand imitations of the latter, does certainly little credit to his heart, and still less to his fancy. Nature is brimful of character; and, to genuine taste and philosophy, the untutored gestures of children are more exquisite, than the accomplished ceremony of courts. In the adjustment of their little etiquettes of first meeting, there is sweeter food for contemplation than my lord Chesterfield or yourself would imagine. Nay, there is an interesting character about my great grandmother, smoking in the chimney corner, or even in the playsomeness of kittens through the broken straw-bottoms of the old family furniture. We are environed with articles of delicacy and daintiness, yet murmur at the narrowness of materials; we starve upon copying in the centre of originals!

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

The foregoing observations are not enforced as expressly applicable to the performance in review. Mr. Linn, though innocent of the charges of originality, and considerably infected with the epidemick in question, is sufficiently respectable to escape the acrimony of stricture. The truth is, a counter-train has been form-

ing beneath the *miners of literature*, of which fraternity Mr. Linn was unfortunately a member; what mischief he has sustained by their explosion may be particularly ascertained from the examination that follows.

The contents of the volume before us stand thus:

Powers of Genius, Part 1.

.....Part 2.

.....Part 3.

Appendix, containing illustrations of Genius.

Midnight Hymn to Deity.

Address to my Taper.

Address to Hope.

Picture of Morning.

Farewel Song of Ossian.

Epistle to a Friend, with the poem on the Powers of Genius.

The first of these performances is the principal; the remainders are the little fashionable poetick expletives, usually tagged to the conclusion of lean manuscripts, to distend them to the *necessary dimensions* for publication. Mr. Linn, in his preface, appears sufficiently apprized of the requisites for didactick poesy; and with that heroism indispensable to authorship, honestly intimates his impressions of adequateness. He mentions with familiarity the authors of didactick poetry, from Hesiod and Lucretius to Akenside and Armstrong; and, after venturing to invoke the same muse who has rewarded their toils, requests to indulge the expectation, that the publick will hear him. The confessions of self-confidence are generally more honest, than politick, and the gentleman, on this occasion, is rather commendable for ingenuousness, than remarkable for prudence.

The ancients, we believe, esteemed it inauspicious to stumble on the threshold ; and, were the society equally superstitious with a late erudite doctor, the occurrence of the following blunder, at the commencement of this performance, might be considered, perhaps, as rather ominous of perplexities in sequel.

"GENIUS we know by HER impetuous force."

Though we usually acquiesce in every compliment to the females, we are very sorry that we cannot, in this particular, second the gallantry of Mr. Linn, by admitting Genius to be a lady. That every bard has been ransacked from Ferdusi to Bloomfield, to palliate the violence of the incongruity, the ladies and Mr. Linn will do us the justice to believe. But it is to no effect ! We do, indeed, discover that the Muses certainly were females, but, though it is very rude of the poets, they all persist, to a man, in representing Genius as a gentleman. There's Doctor Johnson too (who, though his rudeness to the softer portion of creation may make him a suspicious authority, is decidedly unanswerable), there's the Doctor himself too, unquestionably opposed, in this instance, to politeness and Mr. Linn. For the anecdotal Bozzi has recorded his unkindness to the dutchess of Devonshire, whom he would not permit a respectful bard to represent as the Genius of Britain. "Sir," said he, (rolling, we'll suppose, ladies, his uncouthness about, like an ice-island in a tempest) "Sir," said he to the gentleman of elogy, "here is an error, you have made Genius fem-

inine."—"Palpable, sir ; (cried the enthusiast) I know it. But (in a lower tone) it was to pay a compliment to the dutchess of Devonshire, with which her grace was pleased. She is walking across Coxheath, in the military uniform, and I suppose her the Genius of Britain." Johnson—"Sir, you are giving a reason for it, but that will not render it right. You may have a reason why two and two should make five ; they will still make but four."

The detection of plagiarism is a delicate branch of criticism ; for analagous passages are frequently original, and distant resemblances may be palpable thefts. Whether we have fancied analogies to brother bards, in Mr. Linn, or they do in reality exist, our readers shall determine for themselves.

"When knowledge first unrolls her endless page,
Rich with the records of preceding age."

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll.

GRAY.

"Moves like a giant just refresh'd with wine."

A line, parallel to a quotation almost distinct in our remembrance, though we are unable, at the moment, to decide on the author.

"Genius finds speech in trees ; the running brook
To HER speaks language, like a favourite book."

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Linn appears anxious to repay Poetry for the loan of her lines, by exemplifying the correctness of her sentiments ; for, after reaching fruit from the lofty branches of Shakespeare, he convinces the "good" that there is "in every thing," by plucking a

low weed of the earth, seemingly little worth the stooping for.

"Hush! every sound...let not a zephyr move."

"Hush! every breeze, let nothing move,
My Delia sings, and sings of love."

These are the effusions of some ballad-monger, or the packthreads of poesy, tacked together for a musick-book, and better fitted apparently, for sound than adapted to sense... "I am *ill* at these numbers."

"To arms, she cries, and grasps the quivering spear."

To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.
GRAY.

Our author, too, professes to direct his course amidst regions hitherto unexplored; but, considering the approved assistants he employs, his undertaking is not so hazardous. Doctor Beattie's Minstrel evidently appears to direct him on numerous occasions, and the associates of young Edwin are the friends of "Genius." *She* sets out with "Memory," "Judgment," and "Sympathy," and very opportunely concludes with "Education." Of Edwin, it is related,

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure!
BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

Genius, too,

"Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
And breathes the spirit of the mountain head"—
"Among the rocks" *SHE* "leans to hear the roar
Of billows chasing on the sounding shore."

The defect of most poetry, profusion of epithet, is palpable in the "Powers of Genius." Meaning is too often extended by such means into feeble procerity, resembling a flaccid, overgrown stripling. Verse should be compact in structure like little, short, muscular men. Pope's compression of sense, which Swift ad-

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mired, is perhaps his strongest hold.

"When Pope can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six."

Epithets, are the spice and seasoning of poetry, and when administered by a skilful hand, surprisingly delicious. But Mr. L. to condescend to a pun, may be considered *all spice*.

"Though Genius mostly loves some daring theme
Yet *SHE* can warble with the tinkling stream;
Tho' her bold hand strikes the hoarse thundering strings,
Yet not the nightingale more sweetly sings."

Now, to use a rustick phrase, a man may make lines like these "till the cows come home." Mr. Linn, too, is frequently adjectively vulgar.

"She leads BOLD Cæsar o'er the ROLLING flood,"
"The heart that owns not Handel's ANGEL lay."

Though notes are as useful in didactick, as in any species of poetry, a little frugality is necessary in their application. They should certainly be german to the text; and as concise as the nature of explanation permits. But, on this subject, we are fearful, that we have been much oftener detained, than instructed. With Mr. Linn it is but to

"See Johnson seated on his critick throne."
"See copious Richardson's consummate art."
"See pensive Gray awake the Theban lyre."
"See Genlis come and wave in air her hand."
"See Burney move with her creative wand."
"See bolder Radcliffe take her boundless flight;"

or see any body, or any thing else, and then follows a long, boring, biographical note, as long (as Cowper would say) as "from here to Eartham." Mr. Linn, too, in his extraordinary faculty of vision, has very frequently reminded us of the apparition in "Tom Thumb," and, with regard to the length of a note, we were often induced to cry out with Polonius

in the play, "this is too long," and with Hamlet, "it shall to the barber's, with your beard." If there was any novelty in these marginal preachments, they might be tolerably supportable, but they are old, literary anecdotes, obsolete as the cakes of roses and musty seeds of Romeo's apothecary.

Lest we should be considered as contemplating separately the melancholy features of our performance, we are gratified by encountering the following opportunities for approbation. It is easier to criticise, than compose; and he who censures when the majority applaud, should be suspected as a friend and abandoned as a critick. Mr. Linn's descriptions of the lady of Prospective is neat, delicate, and sprightly.

"Bid Hope stand tiptoe with her torch on fire."

And the circumstance attending the production of Genius is strongly imagined and decidedly given.

"Only an age can give a giant birth,
Then more than earthquakes shake the solid earth."

There are unpremeditated lines that appear to be thrown off by an elasticity of intellect, "and these are of them," that remind us of the vigorous simplicity of antiquity and her prophets. The portraiture of the old bard of Greece has a considerable freedom and firmness of touch about it.

"When Homer wrote, no critick's laws confin'd
The outstretch'd genius of his soaring mind;
He look'd on Nature, Nature's voice obey'd,
And snatch'd that glory, which can never fade;
The subtle flagyrite then weav'd his rules,
And form'd a race of imitating fools."

The last couplet is not, perhaps, surpassed by every page of the

most immediate of poets. Ferdusi, also, the Homer of the east, is feelingly and vividly delineated. Had Mr. Linn written always thus, the thankless business of censure had been obviated by praise. Mr. Linn looks to the future glory of America with the enthusiasm of a poet and the affection of a patriot. "Beneath our skies, fancy neither sickens nor dies. The fire of poetry is kindled by our storms. Amid our plains, on the banks of our waters, and on our mountains, dwells the spirit of inventive enthusiasm. These regions were not formed only to echo to the voice of Europe; but from them shall yet sound a lyre, which shall be the admiration of the world."

The arguments of the "Three Parts" of "The Powers of Genius" are as follows.

ARGUMENT. FIRST.

Genius described.—Invention, the criterion of Genius.—The alliance of Genius with Fancy.—Memory, Judgment, and Sympathy.—Progress of Genius.—The characteristics of the Mind.—Taste and Genius distinguished.—Shakespeare's effect, and his neglect of rules.—Alonzo d'Ercilla.—Genius produced without cultivation.—Ossian.—Ariosto.—Burns.—The influence of climate and the face of nature on the mind.—Geographical illustrations.—Picture of the savage.—Invocation.

ARGUMENT. SECOND.

Education necessary to give Genius its full power and usefulness.—Beattie's Edwin described.—Milton.—Johnson.—Sir William Jones.—Subjects of Genius.—Satire.—Genius, though daring, excels also in subjects of the most soft and pleasing kind.—Virgil's Eclogues.—Petrarch.—Gray.—Cowper.—The force of Fiction.—Rousseau.—Richardson.—Fielding.—Genlis.—Burney.—Radcliffe.—Female Genius.—The varied directions of Genius.

ARGUMENT THIRD.

The execution of Genius.—Ferdusi.—Bacon.—Newton.—Excitements of Genius.—Great political causes.—Emulation.—The passion of Love, an exciting cause of Genius.—The pleasures of Genius.—The pains of Genius.—The rise of Genius in Egypt—Greece—Rome—Gothick darkness.—The revival of literature in Florence.—Its cultivation in England.—The descent of Genius.—Her address to America.

To give a favourable specimen of our author's manner, we subjoin the following quotations from the respective divisions of this performance.

"Allied with Genius for bright Fancy move,
The queen alike of Terror and of Love;
She gives the wings on which Invention soars
And untried regions of the world explores.
With ease she varies her enchanting forms,
Now roves thro' peaceful meads, now flies with storms."

"Thou murmuring breeze! O bear upon thy wing
That strain, which flows from Petrarch's mournful string.
O speak those charms which Petrarch's Laura wears!
O breathe that passion, which he mourn'd in tears!
Thou stream of Time! bear in thy course, along,
The early lustre of Italian song!
To lone Vaucluse let all the loves repair!
And tell their sorrows to her listening air;
There oft, when Cynthia threw her midnight beam
Along the banks, and o'er the silver stream,
Unhappy Petrarch wandered through the vale,
Wept with the dews, and murmur'd with the gale!"

"What bard is that, whose beard all hoary white
Waves to the breeze which fans the brow of night?
What bard is that, who from his soul of fire
Rolls the loud thunder of his epick lyre?
Son of the East! what bard is that, declare,
Whose eye rolls wildly in the gloom of care?
—Ferdusi, hail! and hail thy wond'rous strain
Which tells the history of thy native plain.
Hail to thy spirit, which through lengthening time
Preserv'd its vigour, and its song sublime,
Which rous'd and animated with its breath
Scenes which lay buried in the caves of death;
Which form'd, and finish'd its stupendous plan,
Fame says the greatest ever form'd by man."

This Poem is printed with a pure type on a fine paper, and is among the many neat specimens of Philadelphia publication; the only blemishes perceivable in the impression are the *raised-work* of the stamps, and the feebleness

and caricature of Mr. Barzalet's designs. A. Lawson's engraving is respectable; but, C. Tiebout excepted, we flourish feebly on copper.

The ideas principally excited by the perusal of this poem are, that its author has read much poetry; and that in belles-lettres, as in morals, our character is determined by the society we keep. Whether it is preferable to draw from the resources of nature, or to study the performances of masters, is a question in literature at present undetermined. To which side of the controversy we are inclined, it is unnecessary, perhaps, any further to declare. It is sufficient for pronouncing on the deserts of Mr. Linn, that we have decided in favour of nature. What the gentleman might have effected, had his lucubrations been reversed, we have neither opportunity nor inclination to inquire. Though "The Powers of Genius" has done nothing in support, it has done nothing in opposition to our theory; and if we have gathered trivial matter for triumph, the advocates of imitation and art are proportionately unfortunate. Mr. Linn reposes at about mediocrity; and if he does little to delight, he does little to offend. If he takes you to few elevations, he disturbs you by fewer descents. His verses are rather musical, than thoughtful, and rather monotonous, than musical. They have less energy than beauty; and less beauty, than art. By the equability of his lyre the passions are kept aloof. He never congeals you with hate, or melts you with love; he never kindles you with rage,

or moistens you with mercy. In fine, he might touch every fibre of the heart ; but they are mute to a vibration : " and there is much musick, excellent voice, in" that " little organ ; yet cannot" he " make it speak." On " The Powers of Genius" every passion should have leaned : with the didactick should have been mingled the sentimental. But this emporium, as it were, of poetry has been transformed to a school room. We now quit the presence of Mr. Linn, as we quit the presence of thousands. Farther than reviewers we have felt no interest in this interview. We feel that we retire with little that we are anxious to treasure, and with much, very much, that we are willing to forget. We feel that we have extracted nothing of those little delicacies of mind, that one loves to remember at evening, by the door-sill, in the musings of a cigar. " He cometh," not " with a tale ; forsooth, he cometh" not " with a tale, that holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

ART. 65.

An abridgement of the history of Newengland for the use of young persons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for sale by B. & J. Homans, and J. West. Newell, print. Boston. July, 1805. 12mo. pp. 185.

It is probable, that individuals of all nations think favourably and even fondly of their native country. Certain it is, that as Americans, and especially as children of Newengland, we cherish a high reverence and a tender

partiality for this land of our fathers. We regard it as the theatre of scenes, which are extremely interesting, instructive, and honorary to human nature. We revert to the period, when our ancestors first touched its sands and rocks, with the feelings of enthusiasm and the pride of patriots. To meditate on the circumstances which drove them hither, on their toils, disasters, and miseries, on the designs they formed and the works they achieved, and on the glory and consequences of their emigration, even now inspires a lively concern. We participate in all the troubles and dangers of their enterprize. In imagination we go over with them the broad field of their labour ; we grieve for their misfortunes, triumph in their victories, and suffer a painful solicitude concerning their destiny.

So peculiar were the causes of the primitive settlement in this country, and so important a relation did it hold with the civil and religious liberties of mankind, that, until within a few years, a history of Newengland was much to be desired by the present generation. Purchas, Morton, Callender, and others had furnished many and rich materials for such a design ; but these materials were so complicated with facts and details, valuable indeed to the historiographer and chronologist, yet unentertaining to the generality of readers, that there was wanting a work on the subject, which should be at once correct, comprehensive, and popular.

Such a work, six years ago, was given to the publick, by Miss Adams, author of the abridgement before us, entitled " A Sum-

mary history of Newengland from the first settlement at Plymouth, to the acceptance of the federal constitution ; comprehending a general sketch of the American war." That history, divided into forty chapters, was published in an octave form, of about five hundred pages. As far as we have learned, it was well received both in Europe* and America. The work commenced very properly with an account of Columbus' discovery of America. It glanced at the political and ecclesiastical state of G. Britain immediately subsequent to the reformation ; at the persecution of nonconformists under the reigns of Elizabeth and James ; and at the motives which impelled Mr. Robinson and his band of adherents first to Leyden, and a part of them afterwards to Plymouth : It described the character of the Plymouth settlers, their sufferings, government, manners, and religion : It treated of the theological tenets in which the continually multiplying adventurers were, and in which they were not agreed ; of their ambition to be governed by biblical laws ; of their love of liberty in England,

....

* One of the most respectable of the English Journals thus speaks of this publication—"Miss Hannah Adams has published A summary History of Newengland, from the first settlement at Plymouth to the acceptance of the federal constitution. This work is professedly a mere summary, a compilation from other authors and from fugitive political publications, the contents of which might many of them be lost, but for so respectable a repository as the present. The author of the present work, in not arrogating to herself the honours of an original historian, has exonerated herself from a large share of responsibility, and at the same time has earned considerable merit by the judicious use which she has made of the labour of others, in expanding or abridging their accounts, as occasion demanded, and in mingling with them the sagacious and liberal reflections, which her own strong understanding suggested."—Month. Mag. Vol. 9. p. 644.

and of their growing intolerance in America ; of their disputes among themselves, and with the quakers and baptists ; and of the pernicious effects of pertinacious endeavours to enforce uniformity of religious opinion : In due order and with due honours it celebrated the worth of men, who diligently wrought in the vineyard of Christ, and immortalized the names of Wilson, Cotton, Hooker, Stone, Moody, and Davenport : It gave a history of the origin, progress, and horrible termination of the supposed witchcrafts in Massachusetts : It gave outlines of the aborigines of our country, of their unaccommodating hardihood of character ; of their alternate alliances and ruptures with the Newengland planters, and of the labours of the pious Eliot for their conversion to christianity : It was conversant with the founding of churches, the convoking of synods, the incorporating of towns, the multiplying of schools, and the instituting of colleges : It sketched the rise and incorporation of the several states which compose Newengland ; touched upon the political questions, which occasionally exasperated parties, and convulsed the community ; upon the oppressions of unjust, and the salutary measures of righteous rulers ; upon wars waged and treaties concluded ; and upon the various successes of the English and American arms against the forces of France : In that book the germ of the American revolution, heretofore disclosed, was examined anew : notice was there taken of the various oppressive acts of the British govern-

ment ; of the measures which Parliament adopted to tax the colonies, and of the necessity which obliged it to repeal them : justice was there done to the high and unconquerable love of liberty, which always glows, and sometimes blazes in the breasts of Americans : It contained a succinct account of the American war, recording instances of the wisdom, bravery, and patience of the glorious Washington, and his compatriot heroes : it brought to view the difficulties that happened soon after the peace ; the consequent rebellion in this commonwealth ; and the general inefficiency of the old confederation : Finally ; Miss A. closed her Summary History with surveying the condition and prospects of Newengland literature, and with reviewing the most important passages in the history of our country.

Such were the subjects and events discussed in Miss A.'s Summary History, and such is the character of that valuable work, of which the one under review is professedly and justly an abridgement. Whoever therefore has attentively read the first, has already a general view of the last. The most important parts of the summary she has retained. In twenty chapters she has comprised the substance of her first performance. Long accounts of polemick divinity, which are not read by the young, nor understood by the old, she has wholly omitted, and greatly abbreviated the story of the American war. She has indeed improved her work by means of later writers, and particularly by Marshall's life of Washington.

The paragraphs are numbered, and the form and size of the book are exactly suited to the use of schools.

We know no work of the kind deserving of equal praise. Miss A. in our opinion, possesses uncommon acuteness in discovering the repositories of knowledge adapted to her purpose, and a happy facility in using it. We cannot but wish that the good sense of the publick may induce a wide circulation of the work we recommend, and thus remunerate the labours of a woman, who is as remarkable for her piety, filial tenderness, and general benevolence, as she is for her judgment and fidelity as a historian.

As a specimen of her style, which is uniformly easy and perspicuous, we offer to our readers the conclusion of her work.

In reviewing the history of New-England, and the late American revolution, we find the wonders of divine providence rising conspicuous in every scene. At first we behold a small number of people, who, when oppressed by cruel persecution, preferred the sacred rights of conscience to all earthly enjoyments, and exchanged their native country for a dreary wilderness, inhabited by savages. After struggling with complicated hardships they obtained secure settlements, and the wilderness at length was made to blossom like a rose by the hand of persevering industry ; and though their prosperity was sometimes clouded, yet their misfortunes, and even their prejudices were overruled for good. Those who were driven from Massachusetts by the persecution of their brethren formed new settlements. The colonies increased, and rose in wealth, and the interposing hand of heaven protected them under every difficulty.

When the colonies were involved in the distressing war with Philip, they were enabled to subdue their savage

enemies; when they were deprived of their charters the sudden revolution in England, relieved them from the oppression of arbitrary power; when the united efforts of the French and their Indian allies were levelled against them, the conquering arms of Britain and her colonies frustrated their attempts.

When the important era, at length arrived, in which Britain exerted her utmost strength to deprive her colonies of their dearly purchased privileges; and a new country, under great disadvantages, was obliged to contend with that potent nation, which had recently conquered the united powers of France and Spain; inspired by the sacred flame of liberty, the colonies triumphed over the well disciplined forces of the parent state. The striking divine interpositions, in favour of America, during the contest, afford an interesting subject of contemplation to pious minds; while amidst the apparently uncertain chances of war, they perceive with grateful admiration the controlling hand of providence rendering every event subservient to the liberty and independence of the United States.

After independence was obtained by the sword, and acknowledged by the European nations, when a spirit of anarchy threatened the subversion of our recently acquired liberty, the interposition of providence was visible in causing these tumults to terminate in the establishment of the federal constitution, which placed the privileges of the United States on a permanent foundation.

Exalted from a feeble state to opulence and independence, the federal Americans are now recognized as a nation throughout the globe. This highly favoured people ought to raise their minds in fervent aspirations, that their fair prospects may never be reversed by a temper of disunion, or a spirit of anarchy prevailing among the people, but that genuine liberty, united with order and good government, may diffuse their blessings through the widely extended union.

The inhabitants of New-England, in particular, whose ancestors were eminent for industry, love of order, attention to the promotion of learning, and a supreme regard for religion, ought to

be assiduously careful to cultivate and improve those virtues, for which the first settlers of their country were so highly distinguished.

ART. 66.

A compendious history of Newengland, designed for schools and private families. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. and Rev. Elijah Parish, A. M. Ornamented with a neat map. 12mo. 388 pp. Charlestown. Etheridge.

NEITHER of our reverend compilers, probably, ever attentively considered the following caution of sacred writ. "And further, my son, be admonished, of making many books there is no end." Happy had it been, if not for authors, yet certainly for the publick, if other parents, as well as Solomon, had given this advice with effect. Not that we think that the fields of science are fully reaped, or that there are no new tracts to explore in the empire of learning. But we are heartily weary of seeing the same paths perpetually trodden; of drinking from wells so far exhausted that the water is muddy; and of eating, not merely at the same table, and of the same dishes, but of the very same food, so frequently cooked, that our appetite nauseates its taste. A good story well told instructs, exhilarates, and refines the heart; but it may be repeated so often, as to give disgust. Because there is something peculiar in the history of Newengland, it is not necessary that every Newenglandman, who is capable of putting sentences and paragraphs together, should become the historian of his coun-

try. In the act therefore of opening the book before us, we adventure to pronounce, that it was not needed, and to predict that it will not be generally read.

Let us however listen to the reasons which our authors assign, for giving to the world their *Compendious History*. They say in their preface,

The materials for the history of this favoured portion of the world, though abundant, have hitherto been scattered in many volumes, too expensive and too disjointed, to be rendered useful to the rising generation. To reduce them to a form, order, and size adapted to the use of the higher classes in schools, and to families, has been our aim in compiling this small work.

When Miss Hannah Adams began her *Summary History*, she *indeed* found the materials of her work scattered in many large volumes; musty records, and almost illegible manuscripts. At that time Mather's *Magnalia*, and Neal's *History of Newengland*, which extended little beyond its first settlement, were the only histories of Newengland, which the country afforded. *Then* the *Summary History*, of which we have taken notice in the foregoing article, was a desideratum, and its appearance satisfied the general expectation. Do Messrs. Morse and Parish mean to include Miss A.'s *Summary History* among the volumes, "too expensive and too disjointed to be useful"? Ill arranged and deficient as they may deem her *History*, it is manifest that they have condescended to avail themselves of important information contained in that work, which they were unable, we believe, elsewhere

easily to obtain. We here particularly allude to their account of the settlement of Providence and Rhodeisland, which they have borrowed from Miss Adams, and which, we have understood, was procured from old newspapers and mouldering rolls, at the injurious expense of her eyesight and health. The authors call their *History* a "small work." Small it certainly is compared with many works, but not in point of bulk, *considered simply as a history of Newengland*, when compared with the abovementioned *Summary*. That book contained a sketch of the American war, occupying nearly half the number of its pages; this dispatches the subject in a single chapter. The "*Compendious*" is therefore larger than the "*Summary*" *History of Newengland*. These remarks cannot appear more trivial to some of our readers, than they are unpleasant to us. They should not escape us, did we not discern, unwillingly, a design to supplant Miss A. in abridging her *Summary*; and an inclination to withhold the tribute, which ought to be paid to her assiduity and merits. For instance: the following character of the fathers of Newengland was written by President Adams, and him they have acknowledged as the author; yet, if we mistake not, without giving a particle of credit to Miss A. they have extracted it entire from her *Summary History*, when perhaps, but for her labour, this literary scrap had forever slept in the neglected pages of the *Boston Gazette*.

Religious, to some degree of enthusiasm, it may be admitted they were,

but this can be no peculiar derogation from their character, because it was at that time almost the universal character, not only of England, but of Christendom; had this, however, been otherwise, their enthusiasm, considering the principles on which it was founded, and the ends to which it was directed, far from being a reproach, was greatly to their honour. For I believe it will be found universally true, *that no great enterprise for the honour or happiness of mankind was ever achieved, without a large mixture of that noble infirmity.* Whatever imperfections may be justly ascribed to them, which, however, are as few as any mortals have discovered, their judgment in forming their policy was founded on wise and benevolent principles; it was founded on revelation and reason too; it was consistent with the best, greatest, and wisest, legislators of antiquity.

Invidious and irksome is the employment of finding fault. We had much rather indicate the excellencies and beauties of a work, and recommend it to notice. But we must be blind not to observe in the compilation before our eyes an inequality of manner, a defective arrangement, want of uniformity in design, and sometimes dullness and sometimes carelessness in the mode of execution. One blemish is palpable. The book smells strongly of sect. Certainly there is obliquity of judgment in saying so much as is said about puritanism and orthodoxy, since the work is professedly intended for the use of schools and private families. In p. 165, for example, an account is begun of a theological dispute, notorious in the age in which it happened, and preserved with sufficient care in the historical archives of Massachusetts, in the following terms.

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Unhappy religious dissensions still prevailed in Massachusetts; and from a zeal for the purity of the faith, governor Winthrop strove to exterminate the opinions which he disapproved. For this purpose, on the 30th of August, 1637, a synod was convened at Newtown (now Cambridge) to whom eighty erroneous opinions were presented; these were debated and unanimously condemned. At a court holden at the same place, the following October, Wheelwright, Mrs. Hutchinson, and Underhill, the leading characters who had embraced these errors, were banished, and several others were censured for seditious conduct.

What special benefit the knowledge of this controversial divinity will bring to the rising generation we cannot foretell. As though however what our authors had said upon this subject was insufficient for the purpose of edification, or because one of them distrusted the power of narration in the other, he begins to relate, one hundred pages forward, the same transaction.

The first synod of New England was held in Newtown, (now Cambridge) 1637. Never were any communities in more alarming danger, &c. &c.

The style, as might naturally be expected in a work composed by more than one person, is extremely various, sometimes hastily flowing from the pen of the geographer, but for the most part abrupt and stiff in the language of his more exact coadjutor, who, we presume, had the principal toil in this literary effort. Describing the sufferings of the Puritans about the time of their settlement in Holland, our history says,

But to return to the people on shore. The men escaped, excepting those who

voluntarily stayed to assist the women and children. Here was a moving scene of distress; husbands fled, husbands and fathers carried to a foreign country; children crying with fear and shivering with cold, what could sustain the mother's breaking heart? Charity and humanity would have cheered the weeping throng; but these heavenly spirits were not here. Persecution raised her voice terrible as death; she hurried them from one place to another, from one officer to another, till all were tired of their victory. To imprison so many innocent women and children would have excited publick odium; homes they had none, for they had disposed of them, they were glad to be rid of them on any terms. From these sufferings they received advantage. Their meekness and christian deportment made a favourable and deep impression on the hearts of many spectators, which produced considerable accessions to their number. But by courage and perseverance they all finally crossed the sea, and united with their friends, according to the desire of their hearts, in grateful praises to God.

This is a simpering sort of style, which derogates from the dignity of sober history, and is unfavourable to a manly and graceful elocution. It is rather suited to the tones of a canting fanatic, than to the voices which please us in the school and parlour.

But enough of censure. The work before us, with all its errors and soporiferous qualities, contains much interesting matter. It opens with a neat and pretty correct map of the country which it professes to describe, and has a table of contents, though no index, which last circumstance is a defect. It is divided into twenty-eight chapters, which are conversant with subjects, necessarily similar to those, which are mentioned in the preceding article,

and which ought to be found in a book of this nature. It comprizes many valuable descriptions of scenes, places, times, and characters, none of which are utterly new, some of which have found a better repository, and other of which, hitherto floating on the surface of tradition, are here rescued from the gulph of forgetfulness.

Were we to compare the Abridgement of Miss Adams with the History under review, we should say, that is the more proper for schools, this for the private student. This will be better liked by the polemick divine, that by the historian. This best reveals the treachery of the savage; that displays most fortunately the character and improvements of civilized man. Individual character is here developed; there the national. One is tinctured with the spirit of bigotry; the other is a clear and unbiassed narration of facts. The judicious and impartial author of the Abridgement conceals herself; in the Compendious History the men are visible in their work: a reader may generally satisfy himself concerning the question, Who speaks, on what occasion, and for what purpose? That work commands our respect; this is too considerable to be contemned.

The following lines in the character of the celebrated Standish are boldly though coarsely drawn, and he must be something more or less than man, who can view the contour without diverse and strong emotions.

In 1656, at a very advanced age, died Capt. Standish, the military commander, the WASHINGTON of Ply-

mouth colony. A man so conspicuous and celebrated in his life, ought not to be forgotten when dead. It is impossible to have any adequate view of the establishment and rise of Plymouth colony, without entering familiarly into the character of this hero of that little band of pilgrims. He descended from a family of distinction, and was heir apparent to a great estate; unjustly detained from him, which compelled him to depend on himself for support. He was small in stature, but of an active spirit, a sanguine temper, and strong constitution. These qualities led him to the profession of arms. Having been in the service of Queen Elizabeth, in aid of the Dutch, after the truce, he settled with Mr. Robinson's people in Leyden. He was in the first company, who came over in 1620; he commanded the first detachment for making discoveries after their arrival; he was chosen military commander on the first settlement of their military concerns. Generally, in the subsequent excursions and interviews with the natives, he was the first to meet them, accompanied by a small number of his own choosing. During the terrible sickness of the first winter, when two or three died in a day, and the living were scarcely able to bury the dead, captain Standish retained his health, and kindly nursed the sick. On the 29th of January he was called to see his beloved wife expire.

When *Corbitant*, one of the petty sachems of Massasoit, meditated a revolt, captain Standish, with 14 men, surrounded his house in Swansey, but he being absent, they informed his people, they should destroy him, if he persisted in his rebellion. This so alarmed the chief, that he intreated the mediation of Massasoit, and accordingly was admitted, with eight other chiefs, to subscribe his submission to the English.

In 1622, when he had fortified Plymouth, he divided his men into four "squadrons," appointing every individual his post. In case of fire, a select company mounted guard with their backs to the fire, to watch for approaching enemies. Being sent on a trading voyage to Matachieft, between Barnstable and Yarmouth, in February, 1623, a severe storm compelled him to leave his vessel, and sleep in a hut of the In-

dians; being impressed with an idea of their design to kill him, he made his people keep guard all night, by which he escaped the snare they had laid for him. In the morning it was found that goods had been stolen in the night from the shallop; he, with his party, surrounded the house of the sachem, and the things were restored.

Often was the providence of God conspicuous in his preservation. The next month, at Manomet, a creek in Sandwich, where he went for corn, he was not received with their usual cordiality; two Indians from Massachusetts were there, one had an iron dagger, and derided the Europeans because he had seen them, when dying, "cry and make four faces like children." An Indian of the place who had formerly been his friend, appearing now very friendly, invited the captain to sleep with *him*, because the weather was cold. Standish accepted his hospitality, and passed the night by his fire; but sleep had departed from his eyes; he was restless, and in motion all night, though his host seemed solicitous for his comfort, and "earnestly pressed him to take his rest." It was afterward discovered that this Indian intended to kill him if he had fallen asleep.

Weston's people, who settled at Wessagusset, lived without religion or law, or, in modern style, enjoyed *liberty* and *equality*. This rendered them contemptible in the view of savages, who soon began to insult and abuse them. The company pretended to satisfy the Indians for a theft, not by punishing the thief, but by hanging a decrepit old man, who had become burdensome to them. This settlement was composed of a set of needy adventurers. But before this company knew their own danger, the governor of Plymouth had learned from Massasoit, the plot of the natives for their destruction, and sent captain Standish to their relief. He had made choice of eight men, refusing to take more. Arriving at Wessagusset, now Weymouth, he found the people scattered, and in imminent danger, yet stupidly insensible to the destruction ready to burst upon them. Standish was careful not to excite the jealousy of the natives till he could assemble the people of the plantation. An Indian

brought him some furs, whom he treated "smoothly," yet the Indian reported that he "saw by the captain's eyes, that he was angry in his heart." This induced *Pecksuot*, a chief of courage, to tell *Hobbamock*, Standish's Indian guide and interpreter, that he "understood the captain was come to kill him, and the rest of the savages there; but tell him," said he, "we know it, but fear him not; neither will we shun him, let him begin when he dare, he shall not take us at unawares." Others whet their knives before him, using insulting gestures and speeches. Among the rest, *Wittuwamat*, a daring son of war, whose head the government had ordered Standish to bring to Plymouth, boasted of the excellence of his knife, on the handle of which was a woman's face. "But," said he, I have another at home, with which I have killed both French and English; that has a man's face; by and by these two must be married." Further said he of his knife. "By and by it shall *see*, by and by it shall *eat*, but not *speak*."

Pecksuot, being a man of great stature, said to Standish, "though you are a great captain, yet you are but a little man, and though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and courage." The captain had formed his plan, and was therefore silent. The next day, seeing he could get no more of them together, *Pecksuot* and *Wittuwamat*, and his brother, a young man of eighteen, and one Indian more being together, and having about as many of his own men in the room; he gave the word, the door was fast; he seized *Pecksuot*, snatched his knife from him, and killed him with it; the rest killed *Wittuwamat*, and the other Indian. The youth they took and hanged. Dreadful was the scene; incredible the number of wounds they bore; without any noise, catching at the weapons, struggling and striving till death. At another place he and his men killed one more. Captain Standish then returned to Plymouth, carrying the head of *Wittuwamat*, which was set up on the fort. The news of this exploit spread terror through the surrounding tribes; amazed and terrified, they fled to swamps and desert places, which brought on diseases and death to many. One of the

sachems said, "The God of the English was offended with them, and would destroy them in his anger."

Some reflected on captain Standish, as being more of a hero, than a christian in this affair; but if there were any fault, it certainly rested with the good magistrates of Plymouth; Standish only obeyed their orders; they deliberately and coolly sanctioned the most bloody part of his conduct, by setting up the head of *Wittuwamat* as a public spectacle. All military exploits are dreadful.

In 1625 he was sent an agent for the company to England. The plague was raging in London, and he met with difficulty in accomplishing his business; but the next year he returned with goods for the colony, bringing the melancholy news, that Mr. Cushman and Mr. Robinson were numbered with the dead.

A company of the baster fort had set down at Quincy; under one Morton, they had deposed their commander, sold arms to the natives, and invited fugitives from other places. Captain *Endicott*, from Salem, gave them a small check, and cut down their *liberty pole*. Captain Standish subdued them. Being sent for the purpose, and finding reasoning vain, he took them prisoners and carried them to Plymouth; thence they were sent to England. Previous to this, in 1624, the people of Plymouth had erected fishing flakes at Cape Ann. A company from the west of England, the next year, took possession of them. Captain Standish was sent to obtain justice. His threats were serious, and the people of Cape Ann assured the company they were dead men, unless they satisfied the captain, for he was always punctual to his word. The company then built another stage or flake, in a more advantageous situation, which the Plymouth people accepted: thus harmony was restored.

A tradition in the family says, that a friendly native once came and told the captain, that a particular Indian intended to kill him; that the next time he visited the wigwam, he would give him some water, and while he should be drinking, the Indian would kill him with his knife. The next time the captain had occasion to go to the place, he

remembered his trusty sword. He found a number of savages together, and soon had reason to believe the information, which had been given him. It was not long before the suspected Indian brought him some drink; the captain receiving it, kept his eye fixed on him while drinking. The Indian was taking his knife to make the deadly stab, when Standish instantly drew his sword and cut off his head at one stroke; amazed and terrified, the savages fled, and left our warrior alone.

After the year 1628, we hear no more of the military exploits of this valorous commander. Whether a constant series of vigorous exertions for so many years had impaired his health, and rendered him unfit for active service, as it is said he was afflicted with the stone and strangury in his advanced years; or whether he became tired of such dreary, dangerous excursions, it is perhaps impossible now to ascertain. Certain it is, he did not in the least degree lose the confidence of the people. During his whole life, which was prolonged almost thirty years after this, he was constantly elected one of the principal officers of the growing Commonwealth; he was one of the magistrates or judges of the superiour court of the colony as long as he lived. When, "in regard of many appearances of danger towards the country," a council of war was appointed in 1652, vested with full power "to issue warrants to press men, and to give commissions to chief officers," the venerable Standish was among "the first three." In 1653 we find him acting in this council; and once more we may see him clothed in his coat of mail. In 1654, Cromwell called on New-England for troops to subdue the Dutch of New-York. Massachusetts ordered 500 to be furnished. Capt. Standish received the command of those raised in Plymouth colony. A part of his commission probably his last, was in these words; "We having raised some forces over which we do constitute our well beloved friend, Captain Miles Standish, their leader and COMMANDER IN CHIEF; of whose approved fidelity and ability we have had long experience."

He was now probably 70 years of age. He had been engaged in the wars in the Netherlands, which ended about 1609.

It is not probable that he left his native country before he was 21; how long he continued in the army we know not, but probably he was 25 when he joined Mr. Robinson's congregation after the peace: it is not probable that a younger man would have been made military commander in 1620; this will make him just seventy. He lived two years after this, dying in 1656, at Duxbury, where he had a tract of land, which is now known by the name of the Captain's Hill. He had one son, Alexander, who died in Duxbury; a grandson of his, deacon Joseph Standish, settled in Norwich, Connecticut, a great grandson of whom, is the junior compiler of this volume. A house of deacon Standish was burned, in which was destroyed the sword of the captain, which fought the first battles of New England. Those are certainly deceived, who imagine they have it in possession. His name will be long venerated in New England. He was one who chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, who subdued kingdoms, and put to flight the armies of the aliens.

Before we dismiss this article, we ought to say that there is an appendix to the work, whose formation discloses much judgment of what is good, and a good knowledge of what will sell. It indeed consists of gems and pearls. Orations spoken and songs sung at periodical feasts, which are designed to celebrate the wonders of Providence and the honours of ancestry, are, to a majority of readers, the most captivating of all compositions. The orations, whence extracts are made, are Mr. Adams's, Mr. Kirkland's, and Mr. Davis's. The first has been given whole to the publick, who gave it their unqualified approbation. The second has been solicited, and, we are happy to learn, is soon to be transcribed for the press. As we are not permitted to hope for the same pleasure in regard to the last, we

will gratify our friends with a portion of its very elegant extracts, which enrich the Appendix of the 'Compendious History.'

"So disposed is the human mind to be exclusively occupied with passing scenes, and to bury in oblivion transactions obscured by the mantle of time, that every nation has practically acknowledged the utility of commemorative institutions. Thus among the multitude of Grecian games we find the Carpean pantomime, representing the early occupations and perils of their fathers. The husbandman, at the plough with his arms by his side, alternately prosecuting his rural labours, and repelling the attacks of lawless plunderers. Thus, at the joyful feast of tabernacles, did the children of Israel dwell in booths made of olive branches, palm branches, and willows of the brook, a striking memorial of the manner in which their fathers abode in the wilderness, when brought out of the land of Egypt. And thus is it your laudable practice, to celebrate this pleasing anniversary, devoted to contemplation and discourse on the lives and actions of your memorable ancestors; uniting in innocent festivals, and selecting from your abundance, as the most agreeable ornament of your tables, that food, on which they were compelled to subsist; not hiding from your children, what has been told you by your fathers, but by seasonable instruction and apt memorials leading them to the times that are past, and impressing on their tender minds salutary and indelible lessons of magnanimity and virtue. Let it be a day, devoted to the chaste pleasures of cheerfulness, tempered with reflection.

"We assemble in remembrance of men, whose lives were indeed laborious and marked with suffering, beyond the common lot of humanity. but we must not indulge the idea that they were miserable. They had joys to mere men of the world unknown. Theirs was the happiness of pure and upright hearts, of generous sympathy with the distressed, of a warm and undissembled affection for each other, being, as they express themselves, "knit together in a body in a most strict and sacred bond

and covenant in the Lord." Theirs was the satisfaction resulting from a firm and consoling belief, that they were destined by the Almighty to be instruments of great good to mankind. Theirs in fine was the happiness of pursuing the noblest ends by the most honourable means, like our departed WASHINGTON, constantly intent upon an important object, little moved by the vicissitudes and impediments in the way that led to it, and like him, beholding the blessed and complete accomplishment of their sublime purposes.

"Amidst the complaints of modern degeneracy, it is gratifying to observe an increasing attachment to the wise institutions of our ancestors among men of intelligence and reflection, and on this interesting day, in the metropolis of our state, a numerous and respectable association participate in your sentiments, and indulge in emotions congenial with those by which you are animated. May the salutary disposition prevail, until it matures into principle, and by recurring to the original maxims of our state, in *seeking and asking for the old paths*, may we find the *good way, and walk therein*.

"The bold and presumptuous devices of those who "speak swelling words of vanity," and while they "promise us liberty, are themselves the servants of corruption," shall thus be repelled, as the sands of the sea restrain the boisterous ocean; or, if they should be, for a time, predominant by those ancient and wholesome fountains, you will be preserved from the vile contagion; you will be animated with undaunted resolution in the cause of truth, of virtue, and of genuine liberty; you will contend valiantly on the ramparts erected by your fathers; and the fair inheritance which they have left, will never be surrendered.

"Favoured inhabitants of venerable ground, we visit your abodes with pleasure. We tread the turf, which your fathers have often trod, but we search for their tombs in vain. Perhaps it should not be regretted; they may be hidden from your view, lest reverence for your ancestors, should degenerate to useless or debasing superstition. Having few visible memorials of men, so illustrious, in the indulgence

of your grateful emotions, you are prompted to a study of their characters, and from that study you cannot fail of instruction; of strong and operative incitements to every manly pursuit, every generous and elevated purpose.

—————" Their ashes rest—
No marble tells us where."

But they live in their writings; they live in their institutions and your affections; let them also live in your imitation."

ART. 67.

C. Crispi Sallustii Belli Catilinarii & Jugurthini Historia.—*Editio emendatio juxta edd. opt. diligentissime inter se collatas; illustrata notis selectis: cum indice copioso.* Salem Massachusetts: Excudebat Josua Cushing, impensis T. C. Cushing & J. S. Appleton. 1805. 12mo. pp. 276.

Ecce monstrum! From an American press in the commercial town of Salem issues an "editio emendatio" of Sallust, "juxta editiones optimas diligentissime inter se collatas"! We record it as a memorable fact in the annals of our literature, that in the year of our Lord 1805 appeared the first* edition of an ancient classick ever published in the United States, which was not a professed reimpression of some former and foreign edition. We presume that Sallust was chosen for this hazardous experiment, not only on account of its moderate size, but because the sale of the impression would probably be

....

* We have taken some pains to ascertain this fact. If we are wrong we should be glad to be corrected. Who can tell how much time, ink and paper may be saved by this notice to some future Fabricius, Harwood, or Maittaire?

secured by a late regulation of the University, requiring a knowledge of this author previously to admission. With similar modesty and prudence, though with more splendid auspices, the earliest of the editions in usum Delphini was the Quarto Sallust, 1674, and the first classick published in the Russian empire was Nepos, at Moscow, 1762.

The scholar will no doubt be solicitous to know what is promised and what is performed by the present editor. We shall quote the preface and subjoin a few remarks.

Lectori S. Quod in hac Sallustii editione præstitimus, benevole lector, nunc breviter exponendum est.

Textus, quem, ni fallimur, emendatissimum habes, ex tribus illis editionibus, *Havercampianâ*, *Hunterianâ*, et *Parisianâ stereotypâ* (ut loquuntur) constitutus est; non omisâ autem *Maittarianâ* ceterarumque editionum meliorum frequentissimâ et diligentissimâ collatione.

Here Hunter's and the stereotype editions are mentioned as if they contained different texts, and were independent sources of various readings; but in truth they both follow Cortius with scarcely a literal variation. Far be it from us to discourage that rare species of industry, which is employed in the comparison of editions and the selection of readings; but we are by no means certain that the text of this Sallust would not have been upon the whole more correct, if, as in the immaculate Edinburgh edition, and the later ones of Henry Homer, Hunter, and Didot, the text of Cortius had been scrupulously copied. The peculiar character of his text is a careful conciseness, which brings

it nearer than any other to the style of Sallust, that *subtilissimus brevitatis artifex*. On this subject however we feel ourselves scarcely competent to decide; yet while we acknowledge the judgment with which the text of the Delphini edition is here often corrected, we must express our regret that so many valuable readings, supported by sufficient authority, are mentioned only in the notes.

Notæ, maximâ ex parte, ex editione in usum Delphini descriptæ; pars autem non parva istius molis præcisa, ut doctissimorum virorum, Gruteri, Gronovii, Sanctii, Perizonii, aliorumque multorum annotationes locum haberent. In hac parte, quæ fortè copiosior quàm quod doctis placeat, juvenum utilitati confutere præcipuè voluimus. Sallustii "brevitas & abruptum sermonis genus," locutionum etiam antiquarum frequentia, pueris nostris, qui in Ciceronis scriptis maxime versantur, insolentiora (ita saltem putavimus) hoc postulârunt. Nec fructus ex Grammaticorum veterum scriptis nos effugit: Igitur ex Prisciani, Probi cæterorumque libris (apud nostrates pro pudor! rarissimis) hinc inde sententiolam aliquam parvulam decerpimus ut apud juvenes linguæ Romanæ studiosos incitamentum esset ad eorum scripta perlegenda; quæ, ut diligentissimè pervolvant, hortamur, rogamus. Ut apud doctiores hæc nostra editio aliquantum pretii haberet, VARIAS LECTIONES maxime notabiles inter Notas hinc inde sparsimus; non equidem è Codicibus MSS. (quorum apud nos non extat aliquis) sed ex editione Sallustii splendidâ Havercampianâ excerptas.

The notes taken from the Dauphin edition are sufficiently numerous, and the additional ones from Havercamp and the ancient grammarians are always valuable. Sallust, though upon the whole an easy author, has many peculiarities of phrase, of which boys readily comprehend the meaning,

while they are heedless of the singularity. To a learner, versed only in the writings of Cicero or Virgil, he will in many instances appear ungrammatical; and even the critick will acknowledge that he abounds in unusual figures of speech, of which it is often doubtful whether they are to be called blemishes or beauties. If instead of many of the superfluous explanations of Crispin the Dauphin editor, whose notes on Ovid Gibbon said were below criticism, we had been presented with a greater number of grammatical and critical remarks, the utility, we think, of this edition would have been considerably enhanced. Minellius, we observe, has furnished several notes of this description for some of the first chapters. He might have been quoted oftener with advantage. We do not however insist much on these defects, for they will appear greater or less according to the previous proficiency of the reader. In a work intended like this both for the learners and the learned, it is impossible to please the taste and accommodate the wants of each. Where a Heyne or a Havercamp would feast and fatten, a boy of the fifth form would starve and be flogged.

Quod ad orthographiam attinet, non constans invenietur: Nam inutile non videbatur pueros, vel suo Marte, vel præceptore duce, in hac varietate versari; *optimus* igitur æquè, ac *optumus*, quod magis ad antiquum, dicimus. Tamen *omnis* in casu quarto, et similia, (ita autem voluimus) constanter legimus. Et, maxime ex parte, antiquæ recentioris orthographiam posthaberi curavimus.

We do not understand the advantage of this inconstancy. It

is impossible perhaps to determine to what extent the ancient orthography should be adopted in an edition of Sallust; but in those words, where it is once admitted, we think it should be invariably preserved. Thus we see no reason why the accusative plurals of certain nouns should be carefully written in *is*, and at the same time the uniformity of the orthography be violated by the indiscriminate use of *optimus* and *optumus*, *adversus* and *advorsus*, *faciendi* and *faciundi*, *die* and *diei* in the genitive.

Denique exemplorum prelo subjectorum castigatione multum sudavimus. ob hacce omnes causas editio nostra, ni fallimur, multo emendatior, multo magis æstimanda prodit.

To the correctness with which the text is printed we bear our willing testimony; and we know not how to give a surer proof of our good will than by collecting in a note* the few errata which have occurred to us in a rapid perusal. This edition we doubt not will reach a second impression, as it is in every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust, which is now in use. We have only to recommend what we before hinted that the text should be improved by a few omissions and admissions, which are now mentioned only in the notes; and

* Page 2, for *mortali* read *mortalis*. P. 11, read *urbis*. acc. pl. P. 12, f. *quarum* r. *quarum*. P. 13, *artis*, acc. pl. P. 25, f. *vestra* r. *vestra*. P. 84. *fortis*, acc. pl. P. 175, *hostis fugientis*, and so perhaps in other instances which we have not observed. The punctuation has been carefully attended to, and is at least as judicious as that of any edition we have seen. Perhaps there is too free use of colons and semicolons. P. 140, full stop after *deferent*.

since the trouble of writing more grammatical and critical observations may perhaps be thought too great, that there should be annexed an Index Sallustianæ Latinitatis, which might be easily collected from the Indices subjoined to Cortius and Havercamp, and which would add much to the value of a work, already not unworthy of the classical learning of the reputed editor.

ART. 69.

"The union of all honest men."
An oration, delivered at Rowley, west parish, July 4, 1805. By Isaac Braman, A. M.

United we stand, divided we fall. WASH.
Newburyport. Allen. pp. 19.

THE performance of this reverend author is in no wise remarkable, except for the frequent, irreverent use of Scripture language. This is an offence against good taste and propriety. The sublime style of inspiration should be reserved for solemn periods. Its introduction on common occasions, tends to weaken in our mind that veneration, which we should by every sacred art cultivate, both for its sentiments and for its Author.

ART. 65.

An Oration pronounced July 4th, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Bridgewater, in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence. By Asa Meech.

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Boston. Manning & Loring.
pp. 16.

THE style of this oration is plain and free from impurities.

In the first part, the author pays a respectful tribute to the virtues of our ancestors. We wish however that he had inherited so much of their spirit, as to have avowed his political creed. We praise no political writer, whose

opinions are not clearly exhibited, and who does not breathe the sentiments of those sages, who formed the federal compact, and to whom we are indebted for every existing relick of national glory.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR OCTOBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the Anthology is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.

NEW WORKS.

One God in one person only: and Jesus Christ a being distinct from God, dependent upon him for his existence and his various powers; maintained and defended. By John Sherman, pastor of the first church in Mansfield, Connecticut. Worcester. I. Thomas, jun. 1805. 8vo. pp. 193.

American Annals; or a chronological history of America from its discovery in 1492 to 1806, in two volumes. By Abiel Holmes, D.D. A.A.S. minister of the first church in Cambridge. Vol. I. comprising a period of two hundred years. Cambridge. Hilliard. 8vo.

Bonaparte and Moreau. A comparison of their political and military lives. To which is added Moreau's speech on the day of his trial at Paris; with some curious particulars relating to that event. Philadelphia, printed at the Polyglott Office for the author.

An examination of the representations and reasonings contained in seven sermons lately published by Rev. Daniel Merrill, on the modes and subjects of baptism; in several letters addressed to the

author; in which it is attempted to shew that those representations and reasonings were not founded in truth. By Samuel Austin, A.M.

Journal of the last session of the legislature of Georgia. Savannah.

The complete Fifer's Museum; or a collection of Marches, of all kinds, now in use in the military line. Also a number of occasional tunes, for the actual service and the militia: with rudiments and lessons complete for the work. By James Hulbert, jun. Philo Musico. Northampton, Mass. Andrew Wright. Price 25 cents.

The Columbian Harmony, or Maine Collection of Church Musick; being a selection from thirty-six authors, and part original. The whole compiled for the use of schools, singing-societies, and worshipping assemblies. By Charles Robbins. Portland. Price 1 dollar.

A new collection of psalm tunes, by D. Read, author of the American Singing Book. Dedham, H. Mann.

The First Church Collection of Sacred Musick: for the use of religious societies. Boston. J. T. Buckingham.

An address to the members of the Merrimack Humane Society at their anniversary meeting in Newburyport, Sept. 3, 1805. By Daniel Appleton White. Third Edition. E. M. Blunt.

A discourse delivered in the Presbyterian church, in the city of Albany; before the Ladies' Society for the relief of distressed women and children, March 18, 1804. By Eliphalet Nott, A. M. pastor of said church. Albany. Charles R. & J. Webster.

Two discourses on prayer, particularly on family worship. Preached in Wiscasset, Feb. 12, 1804. By Hezekiah Packard, A. M. minister of Wiscasset. Babcock & Rust.

An abridgement of two discourses, preached at Rindge, at the annual fast, April 11, 1805. By Seth Payson, A. M. pastor of the church in Rindge. Published at the request of the hearers. Keene, N. H. John Prentiss. 8vo. pp. 24.

Christianity the friend of man. Philadelphia. W. P. Farrand & Co. Price 62½ cents.

A dialogue in verse, between a living christian and one who has left his first love; written by a friend to new testament religion. Published for the benefit of the friends and enemies of the new testament religion, by Elias Smith. Portsmouth, N. H.

The Care of the Soul; or an answer to the great question, What shall I do to be saved? By Andrew Fuller. Boston. Manning & Loring.

The Medical Repository, and Review of American publications on Medicine and Surgery, and the auxiliary branches of Science; conducted by Drs. Mitchell and Miller of New York. No. 33, for May, June, and July, 1805.

An oration delivered at Savannah on the 4th of July, 1805, by T. U. P. Carlton, Esq. Savannah, Georgia.

Interesting detail of the operations in the Mediterranean. Communicated in a letter from W. E. Esq. to his friend in the county of Hampshire. Springfield, Mass. Bliss & Brewer. 8vo. pp. 23.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Edinburgh New Dispensatory, containing 1. The Elements of Pharmaceutical Chemistry. 2. The Materia Medica; or the natural pharmaceutical and medical history of the differ-

ent substances employed in medicine.

3. The pharmaceutical preparations and compositions. Including complete and accurate translations of the octavo edition of the London Pharmacopœia, published in 1791, Dublin Pharmacopœia, published in 1794, and of the new edition of the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia, published in 1783. Illustrated and explained in the language and according to the principles of Modern Chemistry. With many new and useful tables, and several copperplates, explaining the new system of Chemical characters, and representing the most useful pharmaceutical apparatus. This new improved edition is edited by Andrew Duncan, jun. M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Royal Society of Edinburgh, and associate of the Linnæan Society in London. Boston. Thomas & Andrews.

A system of Surgery, by Benjamin Bell, member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, &c. Second American from the seventh Edinburgh edition, which was corrected and much enlarged. This edition contains 150 copperplates. Price 14 dollars. Boston, Thomas and Andrews.

A new system of Mercantile Arithmetick, adapted to the commerce of the United States, in its domestick and foreign relations; with forms of accounts and other writings usually occurring in trade. By Michael Walsh, A. M. Newburyport. Edmund M. Blunt.

Knox's Lucubrations, or Winter Evenings. New-York. Ronalds and Loudon.

A new and much improved edition of Morse's Universal Geography; or a view of the present state of all the empires, kingdoms, states, and republics in the known world, and of the United States of America in particular. In 2 parts. The whole comprehending a complete and improved system of modern geography, calculated for Americans. Illustrated with 6 maps, and accompanied by a new and elegant General Atlas of the World, containing (in a separate quarto volume) 63 maps, and comprising all the new discoveries to the present time. Fifth edition, corrected and improved. Boston. Thomas & Andrews. Price 12 dols. 50 cts. Without the atlas 6,50.

The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians. By Charles Rollin, late principal of the university of Paris, professor of eloquence in the Royal College, and member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. Illustrated with plates. 8 vols. 12mo. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

Kett's Elements of General Knowledge, introductory to useful books in the principal branches of Literature and Science. Designed chiefly for the junior students in the universities, and the higher classes in schools. By Henry Kett, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Boston. C. Bingham. 2 vols. 12mo. Price 2,25.

PROPOSED TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

The Family Expositor, or a Paraphrase and Version of the New-Testament; with critical notes, and a practical improvement of each section, containing the history of our Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded by the four Evangelists; disposed in the order of an harmony. By P. Doddridge, D.D. From the eighth London edition. To which is prefixed a life of the Author, by Andrew Kippis, D.D. &c. Charlestown, Etheridge.

The history of the Bible and of the Jews till the final destruction of the temple of Jerusalem: with which are

connected in a chronological order the most remarkable events of profane history; interspersed with answers to objections, illustrations of difficulties, and practical reflections. The first American from the 14th European edition. Price to subscribers bound 87½ cents. Hallowell (Maine.) Ezekiel Goodale.

Memoirs of C. M. Talleyrand de Perigord, one of Bonaparte's principal secretaries of state, his grand chamberlain, and grand officer of the legion of honour, ex-bishop of Autun, ex-abbé of Celles and St. Dennis, &c. Containing the particulars of his private and public life, of his intrigues in Boudoirs as well as cabinets. By the author of the Revolutionary Plutarch. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. between 3 and 400. Price to subscribers 1,50 in boards. Boston, David Carlisle.

IN THE PRESS.

The Elements of Chess; a treatise, combining Theory with Practice, and comprising the whole of Philidor's Games, and explanatory notes, new modelled and arranged upon an original plan. Boston. W. Pelham. 8vo. Fine wove paper.

Mrs. Warren's History of the rise, progress, and termination of the American Revolutionary War. Boston. Manning & Loring.

Complete Letter Writer. Charlestown. Etheridge. 12mo.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thinking that the following notice of Southey's "Madoc" will be gratifying to our readers, we hasten to select it from the last appendix to the Monthly Magazine, without pledging ourselves in the least for the correctness of the remarks, not having had any opportunity of reading the poem.

"*Madoc.*" A Poem, by Robert Southey.

The heroick epopea justly passes for the most difficult achievement of poetick art: the classical works of this kind are still rare, not in our language only, but

even in the collective mass of literary production.

The fable of Madoc has much peculiarity. It is the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, antedated. It has two parts. In the former, Madoc narrates to his brother, the Welsh King, both the motives and consequences of his voyage of discovery, and collects a fresh supply of colonists to settle the country he had found. His departure from Wales terminates this division of the poem, which has eighteen books. The finest of them are entitled Cadwallon, Llewellyn, Llaian, Rodri. The story of the blind Cynetha, the interview with the

rightful heir of Wales, the discovery of Hoel's child, and the farewell of Rodri, are among the most pathetick scenes in the whole compass of epick poetry. The fault of this part consists in its dwelling too little on the voyage, which is the proper business of the poem; and too much on the internal feuds of Wales, the result of which are not to occupy the reader's attention. There is also an improbable resemblance between the several female characters introduced.

In the second part, Madoc and his new associates arrive in Aztlan, but find the natives no longer in a friendly and hospitable temper. Their superstitious prejudices have been alarmed, and they are confederating to expel the christian intruders. A war begins. Madoc is taken prisoner, and on the point of being sacrificed to idols. The courage and skill of the few Welsh at length triumph over the savage hordes, who agree to evacuate a province in favour of Madoc and his companions. This division of the poem has twenty-seven books; those might have been much condensed, which are subsequent to the rescue of Madoc; for the event is from that time decided, and the interest decays. The Snake-God, the Battle, the Victory, are good cantos; and the episode of Coatel and Lincoya is affecting. The characters of the savages are well drawn; they are more discriminate and various than those of the Europeans.

The total absence of mythology, the consonance with chronicle and tradition, and the antiquarian fidelity of costume, with which the manners both of the Welsh and of the Indian nations are depicted, give to this poem an impression of reality attained in no other similar work. The degree of illusion approaches that produced by the historick plays of Shakespeare: it bears to those epick poems, in which supernatural machinery is employed, the relation which a tragedy bears to an opera. Aristotle defines the epopea to be tragedy in recital; this definition applies closely to Madoc.

With the exception of marvellous interposition, this poem has many resemblances with the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, and the *Lusiad*; and will, we think, eventually be ranked by criticism be-

tween the first and last of these poems. It has the advantage over them all in the character and majesty of the chief personage. With Gama one hardly becomes acquainted; he is no more of a hero than the name of his ship. *Æneas* never interests but on his way to hell: his civility to Palinurus (except the *ipse subibo bumeris*;) is the only trait of heart in his character. The rapacity, the selfish unfeeling, the low cunning of *Odysseus* degrade him from that moral rank, which is essential to sympathy. *Sophocles* felt this deficiency of *Homer*; and in a fine scene of his *Philoctetes*, has contrasted the sincere and generous *Neoptolemos* with the insidious and crafty *Odysseus*. Madoc is such a *Neoptolemos* in middle age: he interests at once and all alone, by his affections, his resources, his difficulties, and his virtues.

The style is equal, as in *Leonidas*; not various, as in *Thalaba*: it is correct, not daring: it is most successful in the descriptive passages, which are every where vivid and picturesque: the metaphors are few; the epithets are inlaid with novel aptness. The language is rather trailing like that of *Spenser*, than condensed like that of *Milton*: it is somewhat deficient in rapidity, vigour, and splendour, and would gain by the insertion of more imitations, similes, and bursts of diction. The oratory too should be fuller of thought, argument, and maxim. The poet has pursued to excess the praise of invention and originality; he has disdained transplantations from the works of his predecessors, though *Tasso* wrought so beautiful a patch-work with shreds. It is in literature as in the world, he ranks highest who spends most; no matter whether he borrows, or owns, what he bestows. Plagiarism is even a source of reputation; for the well read criticks have in all ages taken pleasure to indicate the whence of stolen passages, and therefor edit and annotate most willingly the purloiner.

Had Mr. Southey got this poem done into Welsh by Mr. Owen, or some other zealot of Myvyrian Archaology; had he so published it with a Latin interpretation, and then given us the original as a mere version from some old bard; envy would have been cheated and curiosity aroused, and Madoc would soon

have surpassed in Europeanity of reputation the pretended works of Ossian. In its present sincere form it will win a less easy way of fame; but it will not have to make a returning step.

It is easier to blame than to praise; canker like to nibble at the laurel-leaf, than to water its varnish into higher lustre: but our limits forbid the detailing of those scattered passages in which we wished for abbreviation. As a whole, the censure of *Madoc* is difficult; one must make a grievance of the levelness of manner, of the extent of narration, and of the absence of the wonderful, in order to provide the hostile converser with topics of invective. Against such cavils, the philosophick criticism of Hobbes has suggested an appropriate reply. "There are some (says he) who are not pleased with fiction unless it be bold; not only to exceed the work, but also the possibility of nature. They would have impenetrable armours, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. I dissent from those who think that the beauty of a poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of historical, so the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty. In old time, among the heathens, such strange fictions and metamorphoses were not so remote from the articles of their faith, as they are now from ours, and were therefore not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of nature a poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of nature never."

To all the other epopeas constructed on this principle, such as the *Henriad*, the *Araucana*, the *Pharfalia*, Mr. Southey's is far superiour. Since the appearance of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, no poem has quitted the English press equal in merit to *Madoc*. It is a great and a durable accession to our literature, a fit object of national pride, and of European gratulation.

Mr. Palmer, of Hackney, who has a large collection of the late Mr. Job Orton's Letters, in his original short hand, is preparing a select number of them for the press, under the title of "Letters to Dissenting Min-

isters and Students for the Ministry," which will be printed in a manner uniform with his *Letters to a Young Clergyman*, published by Mr. Stedman. A very valuable addition will be made to the collection by a series of Letters written to the late Mr. Clark, of Birmingham, from the year 1752 to 1762, which have been communicated by a friend into whose hands they fell upon Mr. Clark's decease. *Memoirs of Mr. Orton* will be prefixed by Mr. Palmer.

Mr. Salmon, author of *Stemmata Latinitatis*, proposes to publish *Investigations on the Origin of French Particles*, similar in plan to the *Diversions of Purley*.

Mr. P. Homer has circulated a Letter on the subject of some editions of the Latin Classics that were published by his late brother Henry, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. In his life-time he had edited several, and at his decease he left several others unfinished. The most expensive and voluminous of these were an edition of *Livy* in 8 volumes large octavo, and one of *Tacitus* in four. His brother had printed off a small portion of the text of *Livy*, and the whole of that of *Tacitus*, and had just begun a new Index to the latter, when he died of a decline, which was certainly hastened, if not occasioned, by too close an attention to his literary pursuits. His father, who survived him but a few weeks, continued the works, which were then in the press, as long as he lived; and at his decease, his brother Dr. Homer, himself, and some others of the family, completed the editions that were left unfinished. "They have (says Mr. Homer) now been published for more than twelve years, and the sale of them has been so unequal to our expectations, that we have hitherto lost by them more than three thousand pounds. From respect to his memory, and from the natural wish to prevent the total loss of what he had

already done, we were induced to finish the plan which he had laid out; and with great fatigue to ourselves we composed a thick octavo volume of Index to the Works of Tacitus, and completed an edition of Livy, which he had but just begun."

Birch & Small, of Philadelphia, have announced to the publick, that they are preparing for the press The History of Great Britain from the Revolution in 1668 to the Treaty of Amiens in 1800, by W. Belsham, Esq. The prospectus with conditions will shortly be published.

Lexington, August 20.

AS I am about passing into Louisiana, and will probably be absent from this state some time, I think it necessary to inform that portion of the publick which has kindly expressed a solicitude for the appearance of my HISTORY of the INDIAN WARS, that the work is far from being relinquished. It composes a part of the AMERICAN HISTORY, too important to remain unwritten, at a period when it may be completed with advantage to the community, and when time has left untouched the principal sources of correct information. The work will be suspended till the author's return to this state. But the country to which he is about to travel, will constitute a point, from whence the most valuable observations, on the present social condition of the savage tribes can be made. As soon as the object of his mission is accomplished, he will contemplate in person, the genius of a people, with whose actions we have become acquainted by feeling their barbarous effects, but of whose national character, we have very little satisfactory intelligence. By this means, the most lively impressions will be made upon the mind of the historian, and he will be better enabled to give to his narrative the stamp of original observation, than if it was simply compiled from the cold details of ancient or contemporary authors.

As it is the intention of the author to pass from the Apalufas country, by the route of St. Louis, through the North-western tribes, he will have some opportunity of acquiring the *Indian account* of many of those events, with

which the first settlers here were familiar. These accounts will of course be rendered more authentick, by obtaining the separate details of the parties engaged in hostilities.

The documents already procured, for the work in question, are numerous, of the first authority, and highly elucidative of many important events, which were rapidly passing away from the notice of the present generation. Many remain yet to be acquired, both in the philosophical and military departments of the history. Those already in the possession of the author, embrace a great variety of matter appropriate to the subject in view. They relate to the genius, manners, and social condition of the Indians in different parts of the continent of America, and in the Islands of the Southern and Pacific Oceans. They explain the general principles of that policy, which from time to time was adopted by the Cabinets of France and England, in relation to Indian affairs in America. They detail a considerable part of those early events which gave rise to the connections between the French and Indians of Canada, to render more formidable their opposition to the British Colonies; an opposition which generally grew out of trans-atlantic politicks. They describe the means and the motives from which the French extended their settlements along the Northern Lakes, and on the shores of the Mississippi. Many of those documents also, give very curious and particular details of the Cherokee and Muskogee operations, against the colonies to the south, of the wars to the northward, from the year 1750, to the American revolution; and of those bloody hostilities which ensued during the efforts of the Americans to settle the Western country.

With the materials now on hand, and with some others, which a little diligence will enable him to procure, the author presumes, that he will possess the means of ultimately presenting to the world a subject, in some measure, worthy the contemplation of those statesmen, who are in the habit of calculating the future destiny of nations through the medium of events that have passed away.

ALLAN B. MACRUDER.

William P. Farrand & Co. of Philadelphia, in connexion with the Rev. E. Williams, Rotherham, and E. Parsons, Leeds, England, are publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, royal octavo, the whole works of Philip Doddridge, D.D. with Orton's life and elegant portrait of the author. Several of the first volumes of this work are now ready to be delivered to subscribers, and those remaining will probably be received in the course of the season. They are executed in a style highly elegant, on new type, and paper of a superiour quality. The price in boards is three dollars a volume on fine paper; and two dollars and fifty cents a volume, for those copies which are not hot-pressed.

Deaths in Boston, from Sept. 26 to Oct. 24, as reported to the Board of Health.

	Male.	Fem.	Chil.
Anacarca		1	
Canker		1	3
Cholera infantum			29
Colic, bilious	1		
Consumption	5	18	7
Cramp	1		
Diarrhœ			2
Drowned	1		
Dropsy	1	2	1
Dysentery			6
Fever, bilious	2	7	
——nervous		2	
——pulmonick	1		
——slow		1	1
——typhus	4	2	
Gout	1		
Hooping cough			2
Infantile complaints			12
Lues venerea		1	
Marasmus			1
Old age	1	2	
Periprunomy			1
Pneumonia	1		
Quinsy			1
Spina bifida			1
Scurvy and obstr.	1		
Suicide	1		
Typhus icterodes		1	
Worms			1
Wound	1		
	22	38	68
Total			128

MEDICAL REPORT.

Statement of Diseases in Boston for October.

The diseases of children have generally given place to those of adults. Little is now seen of cholera, dysentery, or hooping cough; but during the month there have been some fatal terminations of protracted cases of these disorders.

Typhus mitior has been exceedingly prevalent among adults, and it has been often marked by an uncommon regularity in the accession of the paroxysms; rarely has it proved fatal. Typhus gravior continues to show itself. Some cases of slight pneumonick affections have been remarked near the end of the month.

On the whole, the season has become much more healthy, than in the preceding months.

Editors' Notes.

After some thought we have concluded not to publish the communication signed "A Christian," although it is entitled to respect, both because its principles are just and because we presume it was written by one to whom we are already highly indebted. But we confess we are fatigued with our contest. There are some men who are formidable from their perseverance, though their strength may not alarm us, men whose power consists not in the vigour of their muscles, but in the pertinacity of their grasp; who are never conquered, because they are never wearied.

The political speculation with which we have been honoured came too late for the present number; we need not say how readily it will be inserted in the next.

We have likewise very gratefully received a letter from Sicily, which, with the observations of Historicus, are necessarily postponed till the number for November.

In the notes to the last Anthology we mentioned, that we had in our possession a life of Bentley. We are induced to defer it for the present, because our files are so rich in more original matter. We shall not be displeased to have our designs often interrupted in this way.